

NOVEMBER 1972

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50¢

# Maclean's

**GREAT GOD BLESS AMERICA ISSUE**



**MICKEY MOUSE AT 44**

**THE PHENOMENON**

**OF GEORGE S. MCGOVERN**



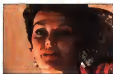
**DR. SPOCK AND  
JANE FONDA! WHAT**

**KIND OF REVOLUTION IS THIS?**

**AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS  
OF MIDDLE AMERICA**



**4 EXPATRIATES WITHOUT TEARS**



**A PORTFOLIO OF  
AMERICAN ROSES**

**THE C.I.A. AT HOME IN QUEBEC?**

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"Later, of the 184-year old Kluin Klatje (Little Cat) Tavern, we tossed our adventures with Canadian Club." "I seem to wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The clearest way it betters us in my company. They endorse its unmistakable character. A taste not matched by any whiskey, anywhere. Cared as Club— The Best in the House" in 1840.



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When I corralled this special issue on the U.S., just before Moscow's visit to Paris, I was struck forcibly with the contrast between what the American writers, who did most of the work in it, had to say about their country and the very different comments made by the expatriate Canadians interviewed by Barbara Frum in part 35. The Canadians just don't share the bleak vision of the U.S. that's taken hold of the most sensitive American thinkers. What they are still is what America has always been (except for its corrupt, its cowardly, its openness to new people and representatives to strongly fill slots. The Hassan Alghar right old) applies.

It might be a good thing for the Canadian government's reputation to remember these American questions the late nations when they go to Washington after the two casual elections to hammer out new trade arrangements. If we go there pushing our vulnerability, whining, whining, whining, we'll get the response such an attitude has always provoked — a perfunctory hearing and some punitive American policies which the Canadian trade minister will then come home to indignantly explain. But if we go there with energy and dignity, a time belief in our own cause and a realistic assessment of our strengths, the chances for a fair resolution to our difficulties will multiply. There is no point any longer in pretending that we're a hapless nation facing the insatiable twinships of an overbearing elephant (2) our hidden trait on keeping up the two nations, let's at least claim our right to be a better, which has sharp teeth, a tenacious nature and has been known to cause unexpected disruptions of what we narrowly appear to be the critical flow of things.)

The fact is that the Americans need us as much as we need them. With the world's top living standard, a third of all the cars ever on the road and the equivalent of all the computers, American use, burn, melt and waste more 30% of the world's consumable resources each year,

## Sharp-Toothed Beavers Bite Better Than Mice

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

the Americans to become so dependent on us, we can't let it now become like reasonable neighbors.

During the next few months, negotiations will be flying between Ottawa and Washington to settle some of the most serious economic issues that have ever divided the North American continent. These include integration of the auto pact, clarification of the U.S. DBCS (Economic International Sales Corporation) program, review of the defense production sharing agreements, a reworking of duty-free allowances for tourists, and a general revisiting of the tariff structure between our two countries.

One conspicuous attitude in these negotiations is that what the Americans really want is to pay for the imports of our raw materials with their manufactured goods. In that kind of equation, we're bound to be exporting jobs as well as resources. "An additional one billion dollars export of raw materials to the U.S., for example," Eric Jorgensen has pointed out, "would probably provide about 350 million in wages and salaries. But the billions in value added in billions of dollars of manufactured goods could result that we were importing anywhere from \$200 to \$350 million in wages and salaries, depending on the industry."

In all of this bargaining, it's essential for us to remember that to ask like the Americans used to feel who first like the rhythms of an ongoing state is important now than ever to reveal ourselves that we are nobody's slaves. And it's time to stop acting as if we were. ■

THE VIEW FROM HERE

MACLEAN'S

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In less than two and a half years, Claude Castonguay, Quebec's minister of social affairs, has succeeded in becoming the most prominent and respected political figure in the present provincial government.

He is the only minister in the Boreau cabinet to evoke almost unanimous respect from all opposition parties, conservative press from editorial writers, and extensive support from the population at large. During the months earlier that paralyzed the province last May, it was not unusual to find, among the barbers and plebeian visiting other politicians, posters with messages such as *Castonguay means success*.



Claude Castonguay

## Struggling With A Double-Edged Commitment

While his partner would be he is something of an anomaly. For one thing, he possesses few of the characteristics that normally go into the fabrication of a successful political image: his voice is flat and monotone, his face detached, almost emotionless, yet lost in long technical explanations. His appearance does not lend itself easily to beautification or attempts at stylization.

Treated as an solitary, his interests and temperament have kept him at some distance from the heat of political life. He studied his first political assembly in 1970 when he was nominated as an election candidate.

When Castonguay appears on television, the public affairs program becomes a contemporary sermo whose message never fails to achieve the desired impact on its audience. On these occasions his face remains grimly serene, his voice drawn on and on, yet there is about him an unquestionable air of seriousness and dignity. One knows this is no public pose. No personal hindrances, makeup men, or the gloss of high-powered public relations polish have had a hand in molding this style.

He seems invulnerable to the lure of the political game. Politics, he explains, is only a means to an end. "If I want into it, I want it, I believe I could finish something I had already started. I have a task to accomplish and I'm going to do it."

Castonguay acquired this sense of personal mission as president of the Commission on Health and Welfare during the Sixties. He was disturbed by conditions in Quebec, and his interest grew to an almost obsessive concern for the social policies that he has tried to advance through his present ministry.

It has not been an easy task. Inside Quebec he has met with bitter opposition from interest groups such as the medical profession when he introduced his universal medical insurance program. Outside the province, he has waged a continuous battle with Ottawa for more autonomy and control. When he said this summer that he would like some time to think about the nature of Canadian federalism and his own political future, then announced that he might resign his post, he touched off a wave of speculation about the possible breakdown of the Boreau government.

The source of this conflict is Castonguay's approach to Quebec's "indivisible approach" to federalism. Advocates of this sort are all too familiar in Quebec politics. Some of them are all too familiar in Quebec politics. Some of them are all too familiar in Quebec politics. Some of them are all too familiar in Quebec politics. Some of them are all too familiar in Quebec politics.

Claude Morin is the obvious exception. A deputy min-

ister, and longtime adviser on inter-governmental affairs, Morin became so disillusioned with 10 years of federal-provincial bickering that he resigned his position with the government and has since joined the PQ.

Morin and Castonguay are friends and they share a similar background. Both of them played important behind-the-scenes roles in the development of the program and projects that characterized the revolutionary results of a decade ago. Both men have repeatedly stated that they consider the Trudeau version of federalism unacceptable in its implications for Quebec's internal affairs.

Castonguay's public decision this summer to insist with the Liberal party marked a sharp departure from the isolation chosen by Morin.

No one here, however, interprets the gesture as a renunciation of federalism. On the contrary, it is increasing the pressure to remain in office. Castonguay made it quite clear that the conflict between him and the federal government over various income insurance programs remains very serious. Nevertheless, he has decided "to continue the struggle," as he put it. This means that the federal election campaign he will be leading to expose ideologies and contradictions in Trudeau's social policies "whatever the price is raised."

Basically, the disagreement lies in the fact that Castonguay proposes to take over federal allowances and distribute them according to Quebec's specific needs. The incidence of poverty and the dependence on welfare are much higher in Quebec than in Ontario, for example. Castonguay believes that the combination of tight federal control of fiscal policies and a uniform application of social policies across Canada have worsened the situation in Quebec.

His own attitude is useful and will, he believes, help to ease the vicious circle of more welfare costs and decreasing contributions to work. This approach is based on the recognition of modest support programs, decentralization, and community control.

Castonguay's insistence on local control, his low-key struggle with federalism, his criticism of a comprehensive welfare scheme in the face of vicious opposition, his proposed reorganization of the province's medical and social services, mark him uniformly as a man of social conscience, perhaps even a radical. Yet Castonguay would be the first to reject this label. All his public pronouncements are couched in caution — a reflex acquired in years of work as an attorney, a technician, a trained advisor. He is also very much aware that his words and actions have acquired a symbolism beyond their actual content. As a result, his internal restraint has become more pronounced and the matters peacefully chosen.

Claude Castonguay and René Lévesque have both been involved with the agonized strangle of men who genuinely sympathize the struggles of their society. Their solidarity goes beyond national estimates of success or accomplishment. They are important because they pose old problems in new ways, in ways that are meaningful to people. As an editorial in *Le Devoir* put it, Castonguay may well be "the last serious hope of nationalists who have not yet denied the life on federalism."

Ann Charney is a Montreal writer.

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"I want to read about the murder," and the man beside me at the newsstand. It was the morning after the New Democratic Party's stunning win over the Social Credit government which had ruled the province for twenty years. "They really murdered them, didn't they," the man said with evident satisfaction as he took off with his paper to read the gory details. He was typical, for despite the fact that 31% of the votes had been cast for the Socialists, there were few that day who mourned their defeat.

The New Democratic Party victory last August constituted an avowedly neo-conservative-oriented province to a socialist government overnight. With 46% of the vote, the NDP captured 34 seats leaving only 10 for the 80 seats (compared with a previous 36) free for the Liberals and two for the Conservatives. One might expect that the sudden shock of becoming Canada's third socialist province would be traumatic for BC, especially for the business community. On the contrary, most British Columbians were relieved that a change—any change—was occurring.

Proctor W. A. C. Bennett and his colleagues were wearing a bit thin. Their campaign theme (during these elections) that socialist hordes were barging on the gates of British Columbia, and that continued prosperity depended on electing them back into office was less than convincing, even to businessmen. Both Saskatchewan and Manitoba had socialist governments and apart from the relatively insouciant industry, business seemed to be proceeding as usual. Indeed, Bennett's 72 years was showing. After two decades of conflict (if other controversial political judgment, he appeared markedly on the decline, and without a plan to choose a successor.

The Social government had almost no important voter groups such as labor, teachers and doctors. But 33 years which established compulsory retirement under certain circumstances was attacked bitterly by labor, which boycotted the court hearings. Management didn't like it either. The teaching profession, regarded by the general attitude of the government toward primary education and by ceilings imposed on their salaries, was in trouble. The doctors were infuriated (they didn't enjoy having their incomes published annually in the newspaper) and there was a general feeling everywhere that the government had become autocratic and unresponsive to public opinion. There were, nonetheless, a few exceptions. As the cabinet, but not enough to compensate for the others.

While British Columbia has had its legitimate share of beefs with the federal government there has been a growing feeling that relations were steadily strained, and worse still, that they reflected Bennett's open contempt for Ottawa. At the last three federal-provincial business minister conferences, for example, only BC was not represented by a senior cabinet minister. Nobody, including business, felt entirely easy with this attitude.

The large forestry and mining operations, however, as feeling uneasy. Their freedom to operate as private companies was not questioned during the campaign, but their potential as sources of additional tax revenue has been a fervent socialist theme. On the other hand, the new premier, Dave Barrett, enthusiastically supported the need for more secondary industry and seems committed to reducing British Columbia's high rate of unemployment. Barrett

VIEW FROM BC

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON



Dave Barrett

## Welcoming The Socialist Hordes

knows that to accomplish both these things, he will require a high degree of business confidence; he also knows what would happen to that confidence if heavy additional taxes were imposed on primary industries.

So far, there is no clear indication of just how the new government will treat business. Barrett will have to perform a balancing act between traditional socialist distrust of the profit motive and a pragmatic realization that profitable businesses open up, solve many of BC's problems. British Columbia businessmen are betting that his pragmatism will prevail.

A leading Liberal politician and businessman who knows the new premier says Barrett is, philosophically, well to the left. He adds that Barrett is a practical man with a sense of humor who would be unlikely to let philosophical considerations stand in the way of practical reality when deciding legislative measures. Barrett is also an honest devotee of "openness"

in government, which probably means that business will get its opportunity to argue its case before major decisions are made.

Dave Barrett and did little during the campaign to actively alarm businessmen, at first, there is much more concern about the attitudes of the new NDP members than about the Premier himself. Among the most significant, man like Bob Bruchman, a previous leader of the NDP in British Columbia, and Alex Mendenhall are well known to the business community and not considered as serious. But Bob Williams, a former Vancouver city councillor, is a doctrinaire socialist considered potentially dangerous to business interests. But the fact is that Barrett has led his party out of the political wilderness and scored a stunning victory, to boot. His government will have little difficulty placing his personal stamp on NDP government policies.

Much of the speculation over what the new government might do is, of course, sheer nonsense. The important levels of economic power and influence are in Ottawa, not Victoria. While the provincial government has considerable control over taxation and other legislative matters, the NDP would be unable to stifle the business community even if it wanted to, as unlikely possibility.

Though some people are concerned that the views of labor leaders may have an undue influence on the new government, there is a widespread feeling that labor-management relations may actually improve. Most provincial government action in the last few years has been aimed at improving labor-management relations. "Things have to improve because they can't get any worse," says Tony Peddars, president of the powerful Employers' Council of British Columbia.

A cabinet is a small Powell River steam may have seemed it up for the first time. "Twenty years ago we were not loved when the Socialists got into power because we thought things would be terrible," he said. "Now we're all concerned because they've been defeated. Probably the NDP won't work out so badly after all." That seems a fair way to start relations with a new government which has renewed a popular and clearly computable resolution from the people. ■

*William Hamilton, a former member of the Defenceable cabinet, is currently a Vancouver industrial consultant.*



Early in 1968, the Northern Voice that had so long demanded Canadian mythology began to take form, opening forth black and beautiful from a pipe in the frozen, egg-shell crust of Northern Alaska. Like an American Aladdin, the Atlantic-Richfield Company of Los Angeles refused its demand that it dig through the ice and the earth to Prudhoe Bay and found that the North is a vast, long, twisting with oil and gas. Oil for the refineries and power plants, gas for the pilot lights and blast furnaces of industrial America. Fuel for a little more "progress," if only it could be tapped. Now we know it can be tapped, of course—and if we are willing to pay the price, and we—explore of the creature comforts and true to our left-is-right-style tradition—divulge it.

The cost of tapping that northern leap is far greater than we thought four years ago. Not just in money (though it will require billions of dollars) but in environmental destruction and loss of control over our resources. The proven oil of the North are no longer the bright Northern Visions of the Eisenhower years. They are a dark, brooding cloud and their lengthening shadow spreads from the bottom of Vancouver Island to the Elgh Arctic, then east to the financial markets and assembly lines of Ontario and Quebec.

The US coast system willing, as early as 1976, Alaskan oil will flow through a pipeline to the Rockies that will carry it south along the BC coast to ARCO's Cherry Point refinery near Bellingham in Washington State and to other refineries in California. Already, Cherry Point oil has washed onto Canadian beaches. It was only a few barrels, ARCO said, but it has cost approximately \$225,000 to clean up. An oil spill further north would have more subtle effects. Few people would notice if the darkly Canadian Coast did not fly along the Canadian coast one year because the species had been wiped out by a spill in south Alaska. Fewer still might notice if much of the Arctic were destroyed or its summer wild life by a spill along the Alaskan Sea at Prudhoe Bay.

There is an economic side to the matter, too. Alaskan oil contains natural gas and, because gas must be liquefied before it can be carried on tankers (an expensive process), it will certainly be piped across Canada to Chicago. This line will cost at least \$5 billion to build, and will likely be financed, primarily, by the US. The consequent inflow of American funds will inflate the value of the Canadian dollar and endanger eastern Canada's job-producing plants that rely on exports.

Alaskan oil has already drawn huge amounts of investment capital, and vast amounts are certain to follow. Imperial Oil has focused all in the Mackenzie Delta and has already sold 10 billion cubic feet of gas to the US. The province of Calgary has jumped into the Arctic lands and found even more oil and gas. Investment capital is being drawn from manufacturing and industrial development back into the kind of resource development Canada has been trying to de-emphasize since the days of the fur trade. An Alaskan line such as advocated by the US, could ultimately mean that it will cost more to heat a home in Pennsylvania, cook a meal in Kingston or run a plant in Toronto. Gas delivery from the Arctic to the US will cost American buyers double the price Eastern Canadians are now paying for gas from Alberta. When Alberta produces

BY DAVID ALBERT



David Albert

## Pipelines, Protest And Power Politics

realize they can make twice as much money in the US, they will inevitably prefer to flow their profits in Eastern Canada.

The four years since ARCO brought in the well called Prudhoe Bay State No. 1 have been painful. But have we learned anything? The US has administered a crushing lesson in the nature of power politics over the polar provinces of great diplomacy. During 1971 and most of 1972, federal cabinet ministers journeyed to Washington, pleading for a Canadian pipeline as an alternative to the potentially disastrous Alaskan line. They were ignored. When Canada demonstrated it was interested in a gas line as well as an oil line with the two combined in a Mackenzie Valley corridor that would provide financial and environmental benefits to both countries, our spokesmen were ignored again.

The only effective pressure so far has come from a strident young Liberal named David Anderson who was willing to do the northbound.

Anderson was the first to recognize the threat Alaskan oil posed to his Vancouver Island constituency, and he was the first to focus attention on the situation with a well-publicized rejoinder to a US gas company in January, 1977. "Your gas, our rule," he said concisely one month later, Anderson appeared at a US government hearing on the pipeline and heard Interior Secretary Rogers Morton announce that a feasibility study of the West Coast oil spill threat would be initiated. Several months later, he was the right to use the US government to ensure that the study would not be a complete con, thereby establishing the legal precedent that Canadians are entitled to demand protection from US environmental laws. The court decision is still pending, but the US has had to look at the tanker problem in earnest.

Great diplomacy has failed; in fact, Canada did not even attempt to use the leverage it had available. The US needs a Canadian gas line route to market 36 trillion cubic feet of Alaskan gas. If the court allows the oil route, the US will quickly ask for the gas route as well. We might well condition our approval or our agreement that oil tankers stay away from Vancouver Island on their way to Cherry Point. We might also use this leverage to buy time. Time to ask a few questions and get a few answers. Should we tap Canada's northern energy reserves if the financing negotiations selling most of these reserves to the US? Can non-drafting now be protected from a Canadian dollar inflated by energy sales and pipeline capital outflow? Can Canada find ways to ensure that the vast profits on northern energy are used to reconvert Canada's control over jobs and opportunities in other areas of the country? Can the government assure that the Indian and Eskimo peoples of the North will gain some measure of economic justice?

We must find answers to these questions before we publicly give our future away. The US badly needs our energy resources and they're willing to play hard-line power politics to get them. Perhaps we should stop speaking in whispers, pleading with little passion. Diplomatic modesty isn't inspiring a hungry giant with one thing on his mind. This time we can afford to be strong.

David Albert is the Washington correspondent for the Vancouver Star.

Sometimes,  
you want now to  
last forever.



Pierre Trudeau and once, in an apt phrase, that Canada had to outgrow its *Rose Marie* mentality. Trudeau didn't know that the composer of *Rose Marie*, Rudolf Friml, is alive and well in Hollywood. Friml is a man who stays on top of things. He promptly fired off a letter to the Prime Minister, duly receiving a reply explaining that no designation of his music had been intended.

What Friml, in turn, didn't recognize is that his epitaph has probably done more than any work of art to shape the world's image of Canada, if it is a 100-century image, that's perhaps because Friml and his music are firmly rooted in that time. When he was born, on December 7, 1879, Friml was still only 80 years old. He was born in Prague, Moravia, Czechoslovakia, Ruzskey-Karlov, Bratislava, Vienna, Quebec, Victoria and Billie Holiday. John Brown was 34, Fannie was 32, Charles Dubuoy was a 17-year-old student at the Paris Conservatory, and Maurice Revel was four. Pierre Trudeau hadn't been born, naturally, not for that matter had his father!

And yet, when Friml reached 92 last December, Elvis Presley was appearing in his native Canada, ready old but to younger listeners, and more had walked on the moon.

I recently spent the best part of a week with this remarkable man writing and narrating a TV special about him that will be seen in early 1973 on the CBC. He is a man of learning, wit, and shrewdness, and he had trouble at first making him grasp that we had come from Canada to film him. "You came all the way from Canada?" he asked with the innocent surprise of a child.

He is fragile now, though he still jogs every day on Mulholland Drive, high above Los Angeles. For the camera, his Chinese-American wife, Kay, would lovingly comb his still-thin hair and, with a lookalike, tidy his heavily mustache.

The obvious question was unavoidable: How did *Rose Marie* come to be written?

Theatre history books say that producer Arthur Hammerstein heard about an act central field every year in Quebec and sent two lyricists, Otto Harbach, who would later write lovely things such as *Singin' in the Rain* and *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and Oscar Hammerstein II (his nephew), who would achieve fame as half of Rodgers and Hammerstein. They didn't find the material but Arthur Hammerstein by now was determined to do a show with a Canadian setting. He called Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein [I] to write their own story. *Rose Marie* was the result.

Friml remembers it a little differently. He said he wanted to do a show with a mountain setting and a more singular musical style to go with it. Canada seemed a logical locale and he was not unfamiliar with the country. He went to travel, in company with producer Florence Ziegfeld, from New York to Quebec on long trips. He remembers Ziegfeld's little laughter always pointing him to a scenic spot. "He would laugh and laugh," he said, laughing himself in imitation of her. Then, a great sadness in his face and a sudden wetness in his eyes: "Ah yes, those were the laughing days."

Both versions of the events are probably true. In any case *Rose Marie* opened on Broadway in September, 1924. It was an immediate hit. Bing Crosby had no image as

BY GENE LEES



Rudolf Friml

## Maker Of A Myth: How The U.S. Sees Us

a land of backward, backwoods British and (Parsons) French accents, and amiable romantic Moravians inclined to turn to song as the way to the top.

*Rose Marie* was filmed three times. A 1926 version, with Jean Crawford, may be the only silent musical in history. (The film was vied against by live stage music.)

The best-known version, of course, is the 1936 production with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, which today seems like an exercise in high camp. Nelson Eddy was wooden and looked far too unattracted to the Moravians (although he sang well). A screen made in the 1950's with Anne Rhyne and Howard Keel was an artistic disaster from start to finish.

The plot of *Rose Marie* is hopelessly impossible. Jeanette MacDonald, whose high notes were as thin and pinched as the girls, is a vaguely great French-Canadian opera singer named Marie de Flor, whose brother, played with a "wonderful Mar-

rie" scored by young James Stewart, is in jail.

Marie de Flor approaches the premier of Quebec to get him a pardon. The premier is played, incredibly, by Alan Marshall, complete with a plausible French accent. Meanwhile, her brother has escaped and killed a Minister. Nelson is assigned to track him. As he leaves, his assistant chuckles and suggests that this should provide a reprieve to the ladies of the town. One wonders how long such a sergeant should have stayed in the service under the best of circumstances.

Anyway, everybody sets off for the North, looking for Marie's brother. Then in the middle of what is still, presumably, Quebec, they enter terrain that resembles the Rockies, where Indian dance artists wear unmistakably British Columbia totem poles. It was a long schlep. Into Tom Tori is staged in a dance extravaganza, the original hard-headed stage lyrics having been indignantly deleted. The Indians go howling around in enormous drums and the premier dancer is to dance up in feathers that he looks like Lucas about to take off.

But Friml's music is wonderful. The melodies are soaring and romantic, as are most of those he contributed to other shows: *Singin' in the Rain*, *Guernsey Mia*, *The Drowsy Chaperone*, *Symphony and Sweets*.

The big three — Victor Herbert, Signe Rasmussen and Friml — brought Viennese operetta to America. What is a generation, through the work of such acts as Jerome Kern, is now known as a new genre known as American musical comedy.

On my first day with Friml we went to the beach at Santa Monica. "The sea air is good for your lungs," he said, smiling, his eyes bright, whistling and patting his chest. "It's better than champagne." He started across the sand. The sky and sea were blue, and Friml wore a light blue turtleneck sweater, a first little man, full of vitality. He threw his arms wide, approaching the sandy shore, and, bent up, he sang out in a quivering voice, "Rose Marie, I love you." — He was in silhouette against the low sun. And that's how I see Friml in my mind's eye, as in a frozen-frame in a motion picture. That's how I'll always remember him, arms outstretched, in love with music and life, going down to the afternoon sea. ■

Gene Lees is a Toronto singer, songwriter and critic.

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people 🧑 and contests ★ and  
places 🌍 and music 🎵 and  
public affairs and private affairs  
and quizzes ??? and granola 🥣  
and news 📰 and opinions and  
things 🍷 🎮 and...and...YOU.  
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## INSIDE MACLEANS

The sound of distant cannon you've been hearing these past few months is the United States undergoing an election. And as we take this opportunity to hear and evaluate by our own rub to the polls, in present the latest from America's press.

The longest undated poster in the world is a good vintage print to assess the U.S. After all, we have something at stake (i.e. our assembly) and a well-earned perspective that has landed here working to disbandment in one brief violent lifetime of a generation.

It was with some confusion of spirit and muddled heart that we dispatched reviewer Jack Luffing Dr. Everett Of The President's Convention in Macleans (page 26) to cover the Presidential conventions in Macleans. Luffing is Canadian and regular contributor to these pages teaches English at State University of New York at Stony Brook. His written two highly acclaimed novels and has twice won the Q. Henry Award for short fiction.

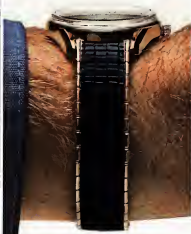
But Lee whose photographic portfolio of women at the dawn of America's history on page 36 is a photographer who sells his line between studios in New York and Los Angeles and a teaching job at the University of Iowa. He is considered one of America's top photographers, won the Life magazine photographer of the year award in 1967 and has since contributed to *Harvard Playboy*, the *London Sunday Times* and about major magazines in Europe. Millionaire whose analysis of the CIA's "non activities" in Quebec appears on page 22 is a syndicated political columnist for the *Washington Star* news.

Tom Hickey (Maclean's) at 44, page 38) who is regarded as the pre-eminent issue in his capacity as an associate editor of *Maclean's* spent more than three years in New York as associate editor of *Flare* magazine before returning to Canada as *Flare's* Editor. Korman (The Spectator) at 77, page 42) is a regular contributor to the *Sunday New York Times*.

Jo Durlan-Rosen (The Road Back Home, page 44) is a regular contributor to the *Guardian* of London and *Yonges Post*. Is a British film maker, born American.

Richard Roper is the *Confession* (copyright New York Review Of Books, 1972, page 23) was drawn by David Levine, considered by many to be the finest cartoonist in the world. The *Parade* Kingston (copyright page 27) was provided for Macleans by Richard Hays and Richard Hays at 44 by Jonathan Hays, two top *Parade* magazine editors. The *Road Back Home* and *Spect* Of 72 were both illustrated by Peter Swann, a Scottish painter now living in Toronto. ■

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This is the most unique watchband in the world. An expansion band with the rugged look of leather. It's so flexible and so comfortable you hardly know you're wearing it. The Romunda® watchband. Exclusively from Speidel. It would be enough if it just looked great on your wrist. But it also feels great on your wrist.

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## What you think is Beethoven's Fifth may actually be your turntable's Fifth.

A composer is a composer. A turntable is a player. And never the twain should meet.

But some turntables seem bent on doing rearrangements. Tone-deaf ones at that.

Taking out music here and there. Putting in noise everywhere.

And ranning every single out of every single record.

### Ludwig wouldn't appreciate it.

The problems come from two sources. The motor and the tonearm.

When the motor isn't put together well enough, sounds begin to happen.

Like rumble.

It sounds like what the word implies. Vibrations and noise are transferred from the motor to the tonearm.

And in turn are added to Bach or The Stones or Whoever you're listening to.

Like flutter. Like wow.

If the motor doesn't consistently turn the turntable at the correct speed, pitch changes occur. Flutter is a fast siren-like weaving of pitch. Wow is a slow one.

Together they make violins and apanas and pianos sound sick.

### Why ours won't when others will.

Dual automatic turntables are powered by high torque motors that are dynamically balanced. Which means they can turn an unusually heavy platter at an unusually constant speed.

Quietly and smoothly.

And to further insure against bad vibration, the motors are separated from the chassis.

So instead of hearing noise, you hear music.

As pure as a turntable can play it.

### But that's not the half of it.

Then there's the tonearm.

If it's not balanced properly, the stylus plays at the wrong angle and pressure. And that leads to loss of high notes.

Permanently.

Because then the tonearm tracks too heavily and wears away part of the vinyl. Which is part of the music.

At Dual we make four automatic turntables and two modules. And we give the tonearms the same attention we give the motors.

So each is dynamically balanced.

Each has an anti-skate device and low bearing friction to insure perfect centre tracking.

And the 1229 and 1218 feature things like true four point gimbal suspension (to keep the stylus floating almost friction-free). And a mode selector (to adjust the playing angle for single or multiple play).

But every turntable we make shares one thing. The reputation for being the best in its price range.

Simply because each is made to play and preserve good music.

Not run it.



## New Dodge Electronic Ignition System. It makes your life a little simpler.

The first question you're going to ask is, what is it?

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O.K., to answer the first part.

In any conventional ignition system the mechanical breaker points may be the cause of some problems. Knowing this, Chrysler engineers developed a solid-state electronic system (all 6 & 8 cyl. engines) that eliminates the need for breaker points and condenser, and their resulting maintenance headaches.

That, essentially, is what the new system is. Now for what it can do for your car and your wallet.

For starters your car is going to start better at mileage levels when mechanical systems normally start to deteriorate.

And because engine misfiring at highway speeds is virtually eliminated exhaust emissions are greatly reduced.

What will it mean to your pocketbook?

Because there are no points to wear out, no condenser to replace, the cost of tune-ups drops considerably.

The new electronic ignition system is just one of the many standard features built into Dodge.

New front disc brakes, (except Dart with 6 cylinder engines), unit-body construction, torsion-bar suspension (except Colt) and new emission control

systems are among the impressive list. Innovative engineering plus extra care in every detail, make us believe your new Dodge is the best Dodge we've ever built.

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#### Your First Confession

After I read it all behind her. But Adrienne is an intelligent, hard-working woman who has the drive and persistence to be more than a wife and mother and is successful enough to pay someone to help her at home. Sure, many women envy her. She's damned elegant and needs hair and does well. She's gassy. For most of us, however, our children are our security blanket against the scary outside world. We cry home because our children need us and when they leave we're in a mess.

Adrienne hasn't let herself be trapped. She decided long ago that she was going to have an interesting life and she does. Melinda decided she was going to be a housewife and she is, though she could be Andre's flunkie's car, too. If Melinda isn't married with three kids, and really wants dear Charles Jordan's shoes after all, let her figure out how to get them without Adrienne's paying for them with cash in a baby's gold-plated pants. JANE GLASSCO, TORONTO

I was shocked to read this piece of outrageous garbage — *The Devil Of Adrienne Clarkson* (September). I don't know Mrs. Clarkson personally, so my heart is not on her behalf as a friend. My heart is that I caught copy readers about her but I'll be damned if I exposed reading my way through the disintegration of one Melinda McCracken, your original Miss Natural.

We all know that "personality" will disappear. Well, at some future date, perhaps you'll let us have a look at the personality of Adrienne Clarkson through more observation, less psychic eyes. Or perhaps the latest thing to do is to let Adrienne Clarkson do a non-personality piece on Melinda McCracken, whether she is. JOAN CHAMBERS, TORONTO

I was extremely disturbed by Melinda McCracken's article — *The Devil Of Adrienne*.

Dear Clarkson (September). She has used her outward superficiality of Adrienne Clarkson's life to belittle her. It seems very odd that someone for whom beauty and clothes are seemingly irrelevant should use them as trachetons to evaluate the inner life. But it appears that Adrienne Clarkson has done the outrageous — she has let the outward appearance of middle-class life, those things which ought, according to the Sunday-supplement thinking of the young, make one superficial, mundane, insensitive and vile. Instead Mrs. Clarkson's life is vibrant, aesthetically attractive, creative, productive and stimulating. McCracken has accepted the wisdom of her generation, Clarkson has formed her own life not musing things because her "generation" has done so. Clarkson has outlasted McCracken and become a threat to her.

One wonders why people like McCracken are incapable of recognizing that Clarkson's life may be so real, so dynamic and spontaneous an expression of her nature as McCracken's continual lying to her.

Word of all, Clarkson's openness about her feelings has been used as a weapon to cheapen and belittle. For a person to whom beauty relationships are so important, McCracken's publicizing and betrayal of another woman's openness and generosity is particularly disgusting. EILEEN O'DONNELL, TORONTO

### We must investigate

The truth harm and so does the story. It is a story serving members of the RCMP, revised members and industry all Canadians. When one reflects on the history of the force as "members of the night," the writer brings to public attention should act and must not be taken lightly. Many of the 115 described by Ramsay have in one form or another been experienced by members

of the force, present and past.

Based on my 24 years experience in the RCMP and information received from members, it would appear that although slightly exaggerated and overblown, the content is probably based on fact. We cannot bury our heads in the sand. Like ex-Stuff Sgt. T. J. Peck and say it's a "state of law" produced by a disgraced justice NCO.

In my view, the Solicitor General or if need be the Prime Minister, must call for a full investigation by a commission or some independent body outside the force. Related members should be requested to make submissions and/or appear before the investigating body, in addition to serving members and the public. This is the only way effective change will actually come. As Canadian we must have no less. V. HILLING, MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN

### Hangover helpers

I wrote up feeling a bit set. I had breakfast and still felt sick. Then I looked in the July issue of *Maclean's* and by the time I finished *For Love Of Summer* I wasn't feeling sick anymore. Then I heard the radio put on an advertisement for wine and I started feeling sick again. When I read the advertisement *Maclean's* didn't say, you guessed it, by the time I finished the article I wasn't feeling sick anymore.

Please thank William Cheevers and Graham Coughlin. MICHAEL CONNOLLY, BURLINGTON, ONT.

### Padded jocks, sirs?

The person who chose the article for this poor little woman who was trying without any discernible success to become a Harvard woman was a hopeless male chauvinist — *Women Of A Laborer's House* (August). Nothing can beat being married to a truly liberated woman. Miss Kinsland herself about eight years ago, after 10 years of marriage during which she had tried to be a dutiful and subservient wife, and they have been the best eight years of my life. Life with her just keeps getting better and better. I don't have to follow the usual male course of get up or drinking with the boys, or chasing other women. I would rather enjoy her company.

To compare my wife and I am sure to compare thousands of Canadian women, in the poor which who wrote the article, and didn't even do that very well, is an insult. My wife has the best well-represented, the children are happy and well-adjusted, and she holds down a responsible job with a five-figure income. As a wife and mistress she is without peer. You owe it to women who have made it to tell it like it is.

continued on page 20

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*Just first continued*

For many men accepting equality is difficult, chiefly because they are not sure of their masculinity. I feel sorry for them but maybe there is an answer. When I was young, women not only wore bras to demonstrate their femininity, but some of them wore padded bras. Someone could make a fortune by helping men who are not sure that they measure up by marketing a padded jacket.

JANIS F. BUCHHEIM, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

## One bright flash-pfft

Every March's that comes through our door is worthwhile, but the September issue is special because of Bruce Hutchison's article *The Stomping Of The World*.

It is less tenuous to close one's mind to the environmental catastrophes facing the world, but it is infinitely easier to face that growing fear squarely. Where do we start?

I would imagine that elementary schoolchildren could begin by learning to cherish this planet and preserve the wonderful animal and plant life it has given us. They should not begin by learning that "Nicholas Muter Dollars" and "John Rutherford" are meaningless.

Biologists, particularly ecologists, have known for a long time that there must be limits to the growth of the human population in the context of technology or our involvement in production and consumption, and to resource exploitation — *The Stomping Of The World* (September). Through their research, they have seen what happens to organisms that become more numerous than their environments can support: starvation, disease, cannibalism and other behavioral interactions. However, rarely have these scenarios been able to present their messages to the public as eloquently and clearly as Bruce Hutchison does.

His article should be read and pondered by every literate Canadian and you have performed an important service with its publication. One hopes, however, that you will not let the matter rest with this one timely forerunner. The dangers of our present practices — of obsessive growth of materialistic measures of the quality of life of all the wrong thinking that continues the seeds of our own destruction — must be kept before us. We must recognize them, think about them, accept them individually and as a society, and we must find positive ways to overcome them. I am a CHANT PROFESSOR AND CHAIRMAN DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

continued

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Your View continued

## The reason is race

Ann Chisney, — *What It Means To Be English In A Very French Quarter (Livre)* — has wasted much of her time in 10 years of journalism without getting any nearer to the root of the problem. She admits that English-speaking Quebecers are being unfairly treated by the French majority, but has no word of reproach for the latter, only exasperation for the former. She talks of "xenophobia," obviously against the English, says that the latter are "messing and engineering" for them, and does her best to motivate them fast, she makes them saying "once they thought they had it made" and there remains a contrary picture of them by first saying that they are completely confused but then that "they must stop living in a false calm of people living-bewildered at the feet of a volcano." She says that anglophones in Montreal live in "foreign ghettos," but recognizes the French who comprise three quarters of the city's population as "alien ghettos" which is largely untrue and ridiculous.

Most historians record that after the conquest of Quebec the majority of the upper-class French returned to France but their lower classes were glad to remain since the British treated them more humanely, permitting the retention of French as an official language and treating them in general with decency. One could hardly expect kinder treatment from a conqueror. Even assuming that the psychological effect of the conquest was a handicap to their economic progress, surely this was removed in the past 150 years when they have been the politically dominant majority in the province. Their continued economically lower standard of living is the result of conditions dominated by the French ego and culture and their way of life down the centuries.

In her attack on the English-speaking Quebecers Miss Chisney describes their ideas as "racially offensive, prejudiced, stereotyped and membership." Yet she does not indicate what these ideas are, beyond those expressed by her interviewees. She states that French Quebecers learn English for economic purposes yet bitterly attack the English who never needed French for economic purposes. By that argument French Quebecers should be fluent in the Indian dialects in order to communicate with the Indians from whom they captured Quebec in the first instance, and who are the true "savages." Later on, Miss Chisney discovers that language is not the main difference. There are dissimilarities in both which repel each other.

W. A. DUNN AND WHITE ROCK, BC

continued

# Let's share experiences.

## Yours.

You've just met the new girl who moved into 1016, and you live in 1014

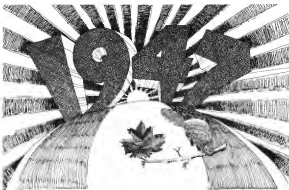
## Ours.

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## IN CANADA, 25 YEARS AGO...

The country, two years after the end of World War II, had a population under 15 million—including

Newfoundland which was not yet a province. Leafs-dedicated Canadians in won the Stanley Cup. It was MacKenzie King's last year in political life.

At the UN, Lester Pearson was mediating the

Plasencia dispute. And in the emerging field of electronics, a fledgling company was taking shape at St. Hubert, Quebec—

Canadian Aviation Electronics Ltd.—soon to become a pioneer builder of aircraft flight simulators and a manufacturer of supervisory control systems, communications equipment

and systems, and magnetic products.

Along the way, our name was abbreviated and a number of diversified subsidiaries entered the field—serving major industries here and abroad. In electronics, aerospace, firearms and non-firearms metal products, plastics, railway equipment, forest industry products—you name it.

Today, 70% of CAE's total sales of \$58 million are for export. And of course we have more shareholders—now close to 4,500.

One thing hasn't changed, though. We're still Canadian-owned and operated. Just the way we started out, 25 years ago.



Canadian Skill — International Scope

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I'd like to know more about the world of CAE.  
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#### Your View continued

### Beware eroding roots

Robertson Davies is quoted as saying that expatriates, when they are a special type of person, are unhappy because to divorce one's self from one's roots is to remove spiritual sustenance. —The *Moscow Post* (September). As an expatriate who doesn't consider himself to be a special kind of person, I would like to reply:

To be sure, there are many reasons for leaving one's homeland. One may be forced to leave, or one may leave for cultural reasons. I would agree with Dr. Davies that such people are spiritually unhappy in their new land even though they may be better off both politically and materially, for they always have their eyes and hearts set on returning to their roots.

But Dr. Davies neglects one crucial case. To use his metaphor of the seed, should the roots become eroded or contaminated, the only hope left for that plant is to be transplanted. That is the case with me.

My wife and I came to Canada three years ago because we found it impossible to live in the States. The society seemed to change drastically in a short period of time so that we found it impossible to relate to it. In order to remain spiritually alive, we searched for new soil.

In the three years we have been here I am happy to report that the transplant has been a success. We have taken root and are spiritually, if not materially, thriving.

BERNIE ROSSIO LONDON ONT.

### Healthy ulcers

Growing Up: Affectionately (August) by Christina Newman and Last Chance For Canada (September) by Walter Gordon cut me to the quick. Upset as I have been over the "Great Canadian Sell-out" after reading these articles I too feel as if I'm freezing. I lost Canada for what it is and what it could be — means the foreign domination, means the land rip-off, means a constitutional government! These cheer for Walter Gordon. MRS. LINDA DAVIS BURLINGTON ONT.

As long as there is a Maclean's magazine and a publication articles of the quality of that by Christina Newman — Growing Up Affectionately (August) I am optimistic that some day Canada will elect a government that will defend our heritage. I believe the August issue is one of the best efforts of the Maclean's editorial staff and I hope that the high standards set by the past do not or never will continue. Please keep up the good work. RUSSELL J. ROYD, OTTAWA, ONTARIO

## One of the reasons for Forsyth's good looks is right under your nose.



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AN  
ANALYSIS  
OF AMERICAN  
INTERVENTION  
IN THE  
MATTER  
OF QUEBEC

BY MILTON VICREST

In the beginning there was the CM



At one of those celebrated cocktail parties that constitute the principal channel of informal communication between government and press in Washington, I recently engaged a high State Department official in conversation about American relations with Canada.

The conversation was friendly enough, even animated, which is not surprising in view of the seemingly little rifts between the United States and Canada these days — far less, at least, than there was throughout the summer days of last year's monetary crisis. But then, after a quarter of an hour of chitchat, the conversation spilled over into Quebec separatism, and my companion suddenly stiffened over his morning

"Why?" I asked innocently, figuring that someone like Commissioner was a reality which foreign officers would have to take into account, like it or not.

"Most of our policy toward Canada is in answer to," "Committee of not giving the Canadians reasons to take offense, either at what we do or what we say. You know how they are about us. And so the subject of Quebec separatism, we can't win. If we say we're studying the situation carefully, they'll answer, 'Aha, the Americans are spreading on Canadian separatism. They're getting ready to poison. They can't wait for us to open up.' But if we say we're not studying the situation at all, they'll answer, 'The Americans are not taking us on. No more'."

we have serious car problems etc. they pay no attention to us. What (readers) They just don't care what happens in Canada.'

"Obviously, we're damned if we do and damned if we don't. So I think I'll better not say anything at all - and maybe Quebec separatists will just go away, like a bad trip."

If violence made problems vanish, separatism would be easy. Normally the experienced correspondents who know which doors to try remember the St. Denis restaurant's conditions and can almost always find someone ready to provide the latest inside information or policy position on the most delicate diplomatic crisis of the day, like the Vatican's refusal to recognize the Vatican City of the Holy See, Bangladesh, and China but try to get someone to talk about Quebec. The doors are locked as if they, carried the

crowd grew. The subject came off the subject of moon. Later by far to get someone to suggest that Henry Kissinger smokes pot with President Nixon than that Rod Laverne might be removed for coffee by the Canadian desk officer. The fear evoked by Quebec separatists would soon more appropriate to modern war.

At one high diplomatic official explained to me with unconcealed relief, "It's comorbidity may be useful to get involved in the separatist struggle. We have no external pressures forcing us into a position. In Congress the Irish lobby is constantly pressing us on the Northern Ireland question. The Poles, too, are a primary group whose presence we can always feel. And then I speak of the Soviet. The American Jewish com-

... and the American Jewish community is relentless in keeping us on our feet as matters concerning Israel.

"But to French Canadians in the United States—maybe a million people concentrated in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine—are different. They have the potential to function as a strong lobby, but they haven't yet picked up the torch of Quebec nationalism and maybe they never will. The current generation, in fact seems to be more assimilated; in fact seems to be more assimilated than any of its predecessors to assimilate and keep it at French roots. As French Canadians these people remain an identifiable cultural and ethnic group, but they simply are not politically aware from any point of view," she says.

"The last thing in the world we want is to have to make a choice between Canadian sovereignty and Quebec autonomy."

between English Canada and French Canada. Think goodness, there are no domestic imperatives compelling us to make a choice – and in Canada we're not pressed, since the time for division has not arrived. We're happy with the way things are. We hope they stay that way.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps the United States government would be less apprehensive about appearing unduly interested in Quebec

had no suspects not been caught in a blunder that created a small but impor-

many well-known scandal

It is true that the Department of Defense, back in 1963, took upon itself the task of studying the use of the government know-how to conduct a sociological study of revolutionary movements throughout the Western Hemisphere. The study was completed in 1965 at a budget of more than a million dollars and earned the nickname: code name "Project Condor." Scholarly in conception, academically rigorous in method, its observations were probably the most accurate — but when the government of Chile found in 1965 that the United States was studying its revolutionary potential, it was not long before the Chilean Foreign Minister told the American ambassador who was forced to admit with some chagrin that he didn't even know what Project Condor was. When the ambassador returned to the embassy, he blew his stack in a wile to Washington. What followed was one of the nastiest little interdepartmental squabbles of

In the course of the survey, it became known that the study embraced Argentina, Colombia, Peru and Venezuela, none of which took kindly to the suggestion that they might be ripe for

Later, it turned out that the Defense Department had been poking around in Quebec, too, and on March 1, 1966 John Diefenbaker—who was then Leader of the Opposition—rose in the House to object with great indignation to the audacity of the Pentagon in spying. Curiously, with such "diplomatic" respect, as Col-

the Congo and Yemen. Though Lester Pearson, who was then prime minister, rejected Diefenbaker's demand for a formal protest, he had obviously been placid by the Pearsonian liberals in a position of some indecisiveness, and he did not conceal his wrath.

In the end, President Lyndon Johnson instructed Secretary of State Rusk to devise procedures "to assure the propriety" of any federally sponsored research that might have an impact on

foreign relations. The Defense Department promised never to engage in anything like Project Camelot again and Congress, to make doubly sure, eliminated the appropriation. So far as we know, there's been nothing like it since — but the memories of the episode remain raw in the diplomatic community, and no responsible American official is inclined to see anything like it happen again.

That doesn't count, of course, for the American government has that its own



— where not the official commentators — to the political events transpiring in Qaddafi's Libya. Here and there, scraps and bits of information indicate that people are watching. One need not dismiss the possibility in fact, of even a little meddling. Still, there are too many gaps to make up a real mosaic of American intelligence sources. For example:

• The State Department drew up its first position paper on French Communist propaganda in 1954, when it was pointed out that communist sentiment was growing to significant proportions. The department contended along with that paper for four or five years, while the movement gradually assumed strength. In early 1960, observers in Washington reached the conclusion that this streamer had crystallized into a drive for subversion — and the department's

used its position paper, giving specific answers to the split between the vocal and nonvocal wings of the movement. But because the State Department has a position paper it does not necessarily mean that the American government has a position. In fact, the official attitude remains that it will not take a position at all on the question.

■ A few years ago the State Department transferred no expert on Uruguay's Tupamaro guerrillas from Montreal to the United States consulate in Montevideo. The expert in Canada was asked to detect any discrepancy between the two points — said the rift now revealed in background to some new Canadian friends, and let us hear his specific interests in Montreal was. When the matter was raised with officials on the Canadian desk, the answer was: "I've checked some interesting — like the claim that it was a case where he should have gone from Montevideo to Montreal, and by God he wasn't going to remain in Montreal any more, longer, no. He has a very strong move."

● The Central Intelligence Agency's mission is to maintain worldwide surveillance over possible trouble spots, military and political crises for the United States. When the FLQ began gaining momentum, some years ago, that it was interested in overthrowing as well as Fidel Castro and perhaps even the American government, the CIA added Quebec to its list. Actually, Castro has been a hanging revolutionary among Liberals and Conservatives for some time now. Thus the FLQ made some connection with the Black Power movement in the United States — but it is normally the FBI that does the heavy lifting in the United States. Quebec is not a trouble spot today, but the CIA is not the national agency in town, on the subject of Quebec: it is under the jurisdiction of the RCMP.

Last fall, some Canadians wrote me saying they had found evidence that the CIA was spying in Quebec against separatists. In the last week of September, I flew to Montreal, where I met, later, in French, with published through the media via the Montreal Star's bureau on the National Press Building in Washington. The issue, which has no signature, was handwritten by someone self-described as a "woman whose hair dominates her reason" and whose chief concern was "peace and order" in Canada. In itself the letter was of tenuous interest — but attached to it was a copy of a document stamped TOP SECRET and bearing the trademark of the Central In-



Coupe and Sedan Coupe

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# 1973 Buick

# Our American Godfather

And how the Vietnamization of the U.S. made us Canadians

It's been 12 years since the last time Maclean's published a special issue in the U.S., and in this long, over-weighed decade our perceptions both of ourselves and the Americans have been turned upside down. Then, we were misperceptions in the Meacher seats, fascinated by the unfolding of the Dream. Now, we've become wary witnesses, anxious to avoid whatever caused our neighbor's traumatic excesses. These days have become strange to us and the articles that follow reflect that remoteness, the very different

establishments that separate us. They portray — as has so much of the best American writing in the last decade — a nation trying to contain a serious breakdown.

It was, of course, the undeniable horror of the Vietnam war that brought the U.S. to its spiritual crisis and Canada to its feeling of detachment. By dropping the equivalent of three Hiroshima-rough bombs per month on the Indochinese for the past six years, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon have forever changed the equation of the American way of life. That's why those of us who only a decade ago could still contend that democracy would survive only if the world were made safe for America, now believe that for the sake of survival itself America must be made safe for the world. This uneasy feeling about the U.S., once you prevail among the rebels and the radicals, has permeated Canadian society in the early Sixties. Louise Pearson wrote with due anxiety that "The Americans are the least impulsive people in history." Yet this time, Elliott Rudwick, a fellow internationalist

with equally respectable credentials within the Canadian establishment, could refer to Vietnam as "the brutal, obscene war," and ask: "Has the United States become not only the most powerful but the most dangerous nation to the world?"

It's one of the more curious notes of our history that it was the Vietnamization of the United States that finally brought about the Canadianization of Canada. It jolted us out of our hibernation with the external aspects of the American Dream, perhaps best defined by the late Senator Kenneth Wherry, who once declared: "With God's help, we will [4] Shogun up and up ever up, until it's just like Kansas City!"

Even though we perceive both ourselves and the U.S. very differently now, the Americans seem still to believe that their relationship with us is that of a Godfather. They offer absolute protection but only in return for absolute loyalty. The image of Richard Nixon (first the American bad New Dealer and Fair Dealer, now they have car dealers) is hardly comforting. We once were willing to buy the Godfather's ideal, we no longer are. The U.S. is a great country but feels most disturbing. Canada is a small country that feels well becoming. We hope this issue of Maclean's, by giving Americans a platform to defend their society, will place us from the deep and growing distance between our two societies. So that we can say with Albert Camus: "This is what separates us from you." You were satisfied to serve the power of your nation, and we dreamed of giving our her

with ■ PETER C. MORGAN



[illegible]

### Understanding the phenomenon of George McGovern

In the allegory too, we see the uncommitted, the workshoppers, the barbers, the macho hounds, the hangers-on the Richard Mause and the John Wayne try to move to instant violent action, and whom the George McGovern tries to stop with a weak speech beginning, "Stay Men, listen to me!" Sometimes the uncommitted listen. Sometimes they don't. When they don't, a battle full on Nagasaki once after Hiroshima, when they don't, rupture sans Vietnam, gases and principle hounds shed "the enemy." His barbers and asked writers are named, his filers "accidents are bombed." The enemy is, of course, also a rose and part of the psychology. The Nixon's war against the enemy is a trap and a trap, on the economy and the war, down to the task of annihilating the enemy, he is broken. Men, women, squatter, Vietnam or North Vietnamese. The McGovern always puts the risk of being called a coward, or a traitor.

Many Beatty's critics are, for the most part, sincere — retired, retiring, asking. Coming to them, or prying on them, is a rising population of geriatrics, gerontologists, musicians, program directors, stand-up comedians, pit runway and pinocchio builders, dance instructors, hearthers (even, hotel and supermarket clerks, chambermaids, waitresses, bar-kissers, insurance salesmen).



In July, Mike Beach won all Democratic endorsements and the slogan **MIAMI BEACH LOVES DEMOCRATS**. In August the delegates gave way to Republican elephants and the not unexpected sight of **MIAMI BEACH LOVES REPUBLICANS**. In July the *Times* (page 1) stamped out the word "Democratic" and was replaced by "Republican." In a column headed "MIAMI BEACH LOVES REPUBLICANS," the *Times* carried a story about a group of young, wealthy, and successful people who were going to the Republican National Convention in Atlantic City. The group was headed by a young man named Mike Beach, a 29-year-old investment banker. Beach had been a member of the Democratic Party for many years, but he had recently become disillusioned with the party and had decided to switch to the Republican Party. Beach had been a member of the Democratic Party for many years, but he had recently become disillusioned with the party and had decided to switch to the Republican Party. Beach had been a member of the Democratic Party for many years, but he had recently become disillusioned with the party and had decided to switch to the Republican Party.

<sup>1</sup>Miami Beach, without taking lifts, bore many heavy burdens.

**A**t 4 a.m. the July night, Giorgio McGovern was somewhere on the Democratic ticket, I dropped in on Wolf's all-night party, where late revelers—women and lovers in flowing eye patches, satin costumes, drunken drunks and their fake-spunk call-girl companions pop in for a late dinner or early breakfast. An old man came and sat beside me. Once upon a time he was wearing a leavy deer-paw print on favor of a pleasantly scorpionic hot woman on a NYC "An' don't get no messes." Mabel? he said for maybe the thousandth time "I never got married on nobody's sandwich." Mabel says for her lines as the (rightly said)

The man greets "looks around. Kirtz corners to him at the counter as someone who is either for George McGovern, or against him. But that is not the striking feature of this person who wears a see-through tanktop, bright red lipstick, and nail-polish red nail-polish, black eye-makeup, six or seven rings, three bracelets, and a wondrous of wire hangers.

Michel brings the sandwich. The man forgets to hug her about the mustard. He's lost in contemplation. If what he's seeing is a woman – Democrat or Republican – the man is flooded with compassion for such blatantly tragic fate-chosen-ness; if, as he dubiously suspects, the person is a man, any neighbor may never eat another pistachio. The images of America are changing so quickly. What lives at Flushing Park should stay in Flushing Park; this man believes. In his heart of hearts he can't honor the political process that brings (looking into the Democrat or Republican museum

But George H.W. Bush's new political allies try to make the point, which is why, of course, Gay Liberation was, to begin with, more for McGovern than against him. At issue as the gay people became a liability because of the issue a Spidey Agnew or Nixon might make of their political participation, McGovern made less explicit statements in their behalf.

At the point of all this it is that George McGovern is not interested in carrying out a moral crusade, he is — as Jack Kennedy was in 1960 — interested in winning an election. Though Senator Eugene McCarthy and his earlier "children's crusade" fall into certain bad fixed lower stanzas his path was not the path George McGovern and his young fellows chose to take. Which was why, here weeks after his nomination and the disaster of Senator Tom Eagleton's nomination and resignation, McGovern turned to floundering with his new running mate Senator Shriver. Old Democratic party habits, many of whom had been buried in prominence by the young McGovern people were yanked to their feet, dusted off, and asked to get out the Old Vote on election day.

McGovern's organization stood resolute throughout the months prior to election day to stand in for or supplement the Democratic organization wherever it dragged its feet. Hubbert or gloomed up a vigorous campaign. This was what the Citizens for Kennedy organization did in 1968, of course, and what Bobby Kennedy's people did in 1960, before Kennedy, like his older brother, was gassed down. The man who continued Bobby Kennedy's fight was not his brother, Senator Edward Kennedy but of course George McGovern of South Dakota, something Bob Kennedy Bobby's widow has never forgiven.

Unlike Rich, Nixon went to elite universities of Laos and Cambodia and his removed bombing of North Vietnam stayed away from anything but service academy campuses. George McGovern is able to attract easily among the young. At one point during the Democratic convention he came into a room at the Dorset Hotel and organized his political war and peace campaign. He was a peace candidate, but his war was weakening. He could have wandered through Times Square packed with an escort of tanks, helicopters, not police, national guardsmen and postmen. Richard Nixon would have required on a smaller scale. George McGovern, more than any other political figure in America's political history, has brought the young not merely into the action, but has given the young a role in McGovern-Fraser Command—some say worse, Mexico, India and China—some

At the Democratic convention in July there were many signs that the United States was a country where freedom, speech and tolerance it was foremost in the conscious taken by Senator Henry Jackson — past Foreign Minister, more broadly than anyone else at the time. He said that he would like to see the world free from all wars, and he would like to see the world free from all wars, and he would like to see the world free from all wars.

Willie, who is used to world war, would accept every time to be certain the word "peace," which is a lot with peace, is really a word, by the Miami Beach police, the national guardians. The troops accepted every still in not believe that they could do anything about it. They are ready to go to any extent to keep the peace, and they are ready to go to any extent to keep the peace, and they are ready to go to any extent to keep the peace.

In 1972 everyone remembered the police riot in Richard Dill's Chicago during the Democratic Party's 1968 convention. Among those who remembered were Rudy Pasterman, the police chief of Miami Beach, who argued for a similar riot in Miami Beach, and who was charged with a violation of the law in the same convention.

**I**n Flamingo Park, throughout the summer, young people jammed out, held pot-smoke-on to which the senior citizens of Miami Beach were invited. At big marriage-between-the-generations ceremony, senior citizens not only sampled pot but partook of a symbolically cannibalistic watermelon drawing of Richard Mason. A 70-year-old woman took a couple of drags from a joint rook, in an unacknowledged sentiment, said she slept like a baby that night, even if her stomach did feel a little nervous.

The conventions themselves were astute prowling grounds for the "Media." We walked the hotel corridors,

joined cancers, stepped out on the convention floor with a "Media" sign hanging from each girl's like "I am loud" sign. As the girls walked, they carried a rank made of one girl at a time, when they were out of the audience. TV people brought up guest Commentators (Julius Fierman, Canadian, and photographer from all over the world and old-fashioned "Press" people who didn't take kindly to the "Media" label. Surprisingly, the "Media" wanted Miami Herald's publicity. Eleanor McEwen came out on her own, then came out and newspaper members followed her late into a club to report. Both comedians were elegant with equipment and technology, the first was concerned a series of remote TV cameras hanging under their heavy light-support systems like light-bulbs, the second hanging in webbing over the face of the stars.

[illegible]

Even before George McGovern was nominated, racism could be sensed. For every "misery" delegate in the convention, a "imaginary" Democrat had to be left out. Delagates spoke from Missouri and especially Southern states full of discontent and great anger back home. Those left out claimed their places were being taken by uppity blacks, uppity women, shortstop-pinkies, pot-smokers, radical liberals and so forth. McGovern's campaign was a good time to uproot someone like Goldwater-style Del McGovern and his ilk. I heard all of this folklore. The Humphrey people and the Maclean people in September of 1971, when McGovern showed up with a fatigue suit in all professional pink, had been angry too long. You can't get the unions to support you, argues Senator Jackson, who still, in 1972, scoffs at the Supreme Transport with their leader like George Meany to this side. From the point of view of jobs it doesn't really matter if a plane is white or black. A country crying bloody murder about its general economy, a country crying bloody murder about inflation, about the forests, tax problems and offshore products of Vietnam is in no position to differentiate good projects from bad.

What McGovern's people knew in September of 1971, was what they experienced after his nomination of July 1972 was that they would have to bypass — again — as Kennedy did in 1960 — those old-line politicians in the Democratic Party and the labor unions who would not work to get out the regular Democratic vote. Long before the nomination McGovern's organizers began to plan for the day when they would have to win the McGovern vote. We admit (of course) that the McGovern vote in America is in some instances, the wives and the children of these same reluctant labor leaders were working for McGovern, in others they were sure they could get in the rank-and-file movement, many of whom are right years ahead of the old bones in political savvy and know-how.

To those who believed McGovern's campaign was like Eugene McCarthy's, a haven for the decency-cryd and the pariahs, an apocalypse is in order. The evening before the convention opened I joined the Minnesota delegation as a party given by Joe Robbie, an old friend and supporter of Hubert Humphrey. I spent my time with the Minnesota delegation because it was politically alive and terribly representative of the

spelt in the entire convention. In previous years, a campaign by Robert Humphrey would have brought the entire Minnesota delegation to a consensus behind Humphrey 100% strong. Not so this past July. McGovern held 79 of the state's 85 votes, and Humphrey barely had a bare majority of only 37. Eight delegates expressed other tendencies among those, Sen. Ray Chandler, the first woman to be nominated for the Democratic presidential candidacy, and a block. The Humphrey people knew that the Chandler vote would quickly switch to McGovern before the first ballot tally was taken. The Humphrey people wanted Minnesota to be the state Humphrey or, at first ballot, The McGovern people, and often, refused.

**F**or a moment, however, it Joe Roberts's elegant golden pup, everyone seemed cheerful. Some few delegates spoke in loud roars about how, if George McGovern were nominated by "these huts," he would suffer the worst defeat in Democratic history because "it's a good thing Nixon is such a shoo-in" this year. It was hard to understand why anybody would want Humphrey to get wiped out in a Nixon win to see. One would have thought the Humphrey people would make sure McGovern got the magnificent rostrum and the miserable passing seat to follow.

Nevertheless, what the delegates almost missed at Joe Robber's party was the sudden appearance of young people wearing McGOVERN buttons. 23 North Dakotans who had just stepped off a bus after a 44-hour trip. Somehow somebody seriously undermy-eyed had pointed these people in the direction of the Minnesota delegation's party. In a matter of minutes they were circulating, chatting up McGovern's end and the other stand, explaining his position on prisoners of war, cuts in defense spending, his stand on unemployment, welfare, education, poverty, the cities

[illegible]

They didn't have to. In his very own hotel Humphrey could read the McGovern bashing on the campaign wall. The very next morning in Humphrey's Casford Hotel breakfast room the National Women's Political Caucus met and Humphrey (directly invited). The women at that meeting knew Humphrey was and had always been a partisan of women's rights but he knew, as they knew, that George McGovern's error was to bring them to this convention as delegates — not as a part of the administration. They knew, and he knew that many of the McGovern-Fraser formula women would be 51% of the delegates in 1976. Only about 10% of the women at the 1972 convention actually belong to the NWPB but Humphrey knows, and these women know, that the energy and vitality and commitment in the room represent something much beyond that.

What Humphrey may have missed as he gave his usual long and item-winding speech, and what somebody like Betty Ford didn't see at all, was that the Democratic convention of 1972 marked the death of the sacred political owl. Which is why it continued so remarkably with the Republican convention that soon followed. At the GOP convention Humphrey might have felt more at home. And somehow so too.

# AMERICAN ROSES

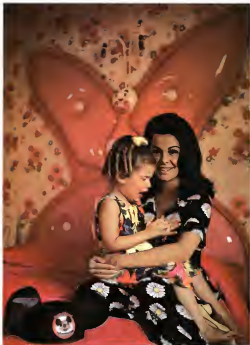


A PORTFOLIO BY BUD LEE

Canada has never had a national dream. If there is one it is illusive, moving on as the country moves on, leading the country on forever. Canada has no Big Dream but it does have thousands of little fantasies not to be tampered with. It's as if the citizens reached back to a past peopled by United Empire Loyalists and grabbed a set of puritan values that worsed, fantasy realized makes for reality regretted. As dreams reveal the most repressed secrets of people they do the same for nations. And here we are with all our unrealized fantasies smack next to a nation that has one of the richest dream lives in the history of history. Americans not only realize their fantasies, they become them. Consider the example of the two girls above, Hollywood sisters who call themselves the Gemini Twins and have moved into a house in Laurel Canyon not far from Tom Mix's old mansion (where his horse has buried in the front lawn) so that they can spend their lives going to parties together. Here with 10 versions of the dream, American Roses who dreamed the dream and became what they believed. All this thanks to Bud Lee, one of America's finest photographers, who constantly travels the country "to photograph the dream."



When Rasputin, visionary to Empress Alexandra of Russia and the mad monk. To others, was murdered in the Yessopoff palace just before Christmas 1916, his daughter Maria, a sweet 17-year-old, was making good her escape to Berlin. In 1938, after various jobs as a lion tamer and exotic dancer, she moved to California. Today at age 73 she lives in Los Angeles, still wears palace gowns, and says of her dad, "America would have loved and understood him."



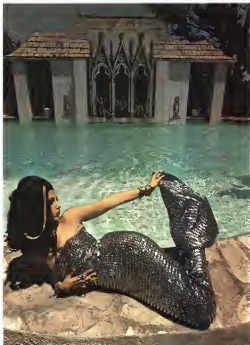
Wise, having discovered America through television and the Three Stooges, could forget Annette Funckhoff. Even a cat kid like that has to grow up sometime. After wearing lots of bikinis in such movies as *Elvis Beach*, she got married and became a Hollywood motion picture star. She is now 30 and has children of her own, as you can see above, and always knew that it would end this way, that is, happily ever after.



Definitive of the dream: Top: Saccara del Valle, who came to Key West, Florida, from Spanish Harlem to become part of Tennessee Williams' magnificent and boisterous vision of the south. She did and was later killed by a truck on the highway. Left: Jackie Cane, who went to Andy Warhol's Factory in New York to become a superstar. She did, even though she was a man. Right: Barbara Ryan, who came to Manhattan to get a "stockbroker's" job and work hard. She did, even though she is the heiress to the immense Toole Roll fortune.



Further definitions: Top: Alice Brook of Freehodge, Massachusetts, who dreamed of fine food and fine friends. Thanks to her Arlo Guthrie wrote a song and Arthur Penn made the movie, you can get any thing you want at Alice's Restaurant. Left: Jane Russell, the doctored caucasi who never dreamed that when she was cloning Howard Hughes, both she would be made a star. Now she does lots comically. Right: Key West was once the first wealthiest city in America, thanks to the parties who founded it and dreamed of respectability. Now their progeny are known as the Coach orators and many of them are members of the pink Key West Warner's Club, as is the lady above.



All great success stories have to end sometime and so we took you to the \$235,000 6d Air castle of Jack Born. The man who made millions by helping to develop such peachy toys as Cherie Cosby, Barbie Doll and Ken Doll. Inside his castle are 140 telephone, outside, pools, acres of greenery, a fire house where his butler serves him burgers, and a shiny red fire engine which goes along when he drives to parties. And inevitably there is a girl friend, usually a starlet like Louise Joye above, who once had a dream to be with a man like this.

# Mickey Mouse at 44

BY TOM HEDLEY

*The generation that grew old in New York but didn't grow up*

Mostly they arrive on Sunday afternoons in the summer, days so warmly hazy that the New York Times reads in fingertips. They arrive back together and alone in old Hudson River and Midland Clappers wearing California Slippers and carrying poems written on the backs of Times Roll wrappers. Bored, tired boys from other towns, exploring Bleecker Street for the first time, passing Mario Bonacci's Italian delicatessen where Bob Dylan sips on his way home to buy Irish pipes, and, further, past the church of Our Lady Of Pompei where the sixteen papers of fat fat the rages of Vesuvius, then for Tuesday night's bingo game. Bleecker at MacDougal Street, reads the only address scribbled hopefully on the backs of the meals of the boys from other towns. And that's where they're going.

Later, inevitably, they'll be drawn by the mouse right out of a Village summer evening to watch the old men play chess at Washington Square. Watch while the rhinoceroses drink champagne beneath the heat and tell other boys from other towns there a Trueman story. Mostly this happens on Sundays in the summer in front of 1 Washington Square North where Henry James grew up and was inspired to write Washington Square, when he wasn't inventing one to Jerusalem from Boston. It is Sunday, July 18, 1972, and by the end of the week 50 people will have been murdered in New York City: 23 by pistol shots, seven by butcher knives, eight by switchblades, two by shotguns, five by hunting knives, six by poison, one by rifle, one by a short statement, one by sensor, one by a baseball bat and three by the brutality of a madman's hands.

In the press, someone deserves James Ray will be quoted as saying, "I see murder over cigarettes, Cracker Jacks, and a wog-way link between two guys." But the new faces at Washington Square won't be listening. By now they will have learned that there are rats on top of the Empire State Building. Already the city's secret is beginning to be revealed, if one can possess the magical rhythm, why can't they?

The flux of life meant very little to those of us who were young in New York City. Journalist Gay Talese could tell us that New Yorkers swallowed more than 3.4 million pounds of meat, drank 800,000 gallons of beer and pulled 21 miles of dental floss through their teeth each day and we could only put that dedicated gourmandise into perspective while watching Mr. Talese dine with the sparse delicacy of a peregrine falcon, the land, he says, that they to skydivers

over Central Park, writing to poems on fat pigeons below

We would know that Manhattan Island was only 32 miles across and could pick up millions of architects souls together in subterranean conditions and that from the sky it was apprehended as one large stone dinner where outsiders was turned away at the gates of true acceptance. We liked the space and smell of garbage mixed with expensive perfume, hope and money, and since we were outsiders, most European than American, outsiders bored on anyway. Albert Camus could tell us that the high buildings kept the elements from the people and therefore nature was dead in New York. (This after a lifetime of Mediterranean sun on the back of his neck.) But we could enjoy the sun's rays in Hell's Kitchen because they consumed grease that touched the sky. The grease to me doubtless from food de la table covering the naked bodies of rats hidden on periwinkle terraces high above the city.

Obviously Albert Camus had never taken a table at Mario Bonacci's (a nostalgic café near Bleecker Street) on a summer day when it rained. Here entered men with Scott Fitzgerald's manuscripts in with days as big as the last listening to Marlene Dietrich sing just like you. *Rough for Paris* was Lady on top of the telephone, all the while never behaving to close the door when a stranger ran outside. And it comes with a sudden clarity like a tropical storm, sweeping past the curtains to the life floor inside. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall are expected to step through the door to complain that their Cinema has broken down, and could they use the telephone please.

Facts have nothing to do with the stoic rhythm. And are on top of the Empire State Building, for God's sake! How they got there is a question of academic pettiness for the aged.

New York has always been a city for poor people (poor-bodies who take calls to the Bowery) rich people (counters who have a thousand beds in their apartments) and very young people (those with a certain flux of eye). The young have always been educated girls from the west who after shoving in passé shoe styles had soon learn to drink vermouth citrus and to buy jewelry atop at Horan Knicker and to never return long-distance phone calls from boys they went to marry in the spring. Beloved southern poets who become Dante Gabriel Rossetti drinking the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood under the tables of bars near Carnegie Hall. Perhaps

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# EXPATRIATES WITHOUT TEARS

INTERVIEWS BY BARBARA FRUM

The United States has its founts of treason (espionage, as well as acts of unbecoming loyalty, on levels of abstract ardor and, if you quite strongly prefer, on levels of practical utility for the job). Just ask the President of Texas (C. Peter McColough, formerly of Halifax, Nova Scotia) or the Chairman of the Board of Standard Oil of New Jersey (J. Kenneth Zimmerman, formerly

of *McIntire, Pitt, Alterberg*) or the President of U.S. News & World Report (John Street, formerly of Winnipeg, Manitoba) or Assistant Florida State Attorney General (the granddaddy). Just ask these Canadians who they left and why they are staying away and if they ever think of coming home, and don't be surprised when they only grin from behind their rec-

wood desks. You never know when a Roman holiday will become a liability. The redoubt estate is a very seductive thing and when we think of our men and women crossing the border, for work and leisure, Hollywood immediately comes to mind, or the theatre, or the Detroit Red Wings. But business is the business of America and Canadians are helping out just fine.

I simply think if you have ability you can do more here. One of the remarkable things about the U.S. Administration, whatever else one thinks of it, is that there are so many young people in positions of relative power who got there on their merit and sheer ability. In this sense the United States is far more democratic. There's much less of the old school tie. It's much harder to fight the peddling order in Canada.

It's hard to talk about why you're in the United States without casting aspersions against Canada, which I don't want to do. But it's difficult to imagine too many areas where the challenges would be as great as they are here, and, by extension, people who love complexity and problems are going to head for the places where they can deal with these problems. A gross national product at something like a trillion dollars a year, a population of 200 million people and an American corporate joint that controls millions and millions of dollars of foreign investment — obviously give range to international, commercial and legal problems that just don't exist in Canada.

It'll put it this way. It took me between 30 and 60 seconds to accept the offer to teach at Harvard. And it took me between 10 and 15 seconds to accept this job at the White House. These were not hard decisions.

If the same excitement and the same opportunities existed in Canada, and there were jobs with the same sex appeal, I'd rather be there. Obviously there are a number of things about Canada that are very attractive. First and foremost, of course, is the absence of the war. The immediacy of the war is far more painful if you live in the States. Whether you like it or not, you're a participant. And the other thing, although I don't suppose that Canada conformed with the situation would inject any better, is the terrible race problem, in comparison to which the French-English thing is juvenile.

But I've never had a moral problem about being here. Though I admit situations do arise that give me all kinds of feelings of ambivalence. Obviously in the trade field there are some fairly serious conflicts between Canada and the U.S. with respect to trade policy and there have been instances that have been confrontations of sorts. But though I sometimes feel that people in Washington don't really understand the Canadian position, I don't think it's especially appropriate for me to try to pressure the Canadian position to their



JOHN CARLSON, 35

Went to Harvard from McGill Law School to get a Master's Degree (LL.M.), expecting to come back to Montreal and join one of these establishment law firms. Was instead impressed by Harvard LL.M.'s. He accepted instead an invitation to stay on at a research associate in law at Harvard and is now legal advisor to Nixon's special trade representative at the White House: one of the few Canadians to gain a position as significant in an American President's



DUNCAN CAMERON, 42

is director of the prestigious Brooklyn Museum. He grew up "in a pigsty," WASPish west-end Toronto. After he got his grade 13, he became a newspaper reporter, when he realized the press was never going to fix any world problems. He went into the cultural souvenir business. He began at the Royal Ontario Museum and became National director of the Canadian Conference of the Arts, soon learned enough about modern museum problems to set up his own consulting firm, which found 80% of its clients among American museums, and so impressed Brooklyn's former director that he recommended Cameron as his successor.

There was no question about taking the job. In being asked to take the directorship of the Brooklyn Museum I was offered the most exciting laboratory in the museum field today. All the classical problems, all the really tough nasty ones, whether you're talking about getting financing, or the problem of a changing urban population or whatever, Brooklyn's got them all. This is no luxury cruise, and that's what makes it exciting.

This Museum ranks somewhere, I think I could say conservatively, among America's top 10 art museums. Fantastic collection. I didn't want to leave Canada. But I'd made too many speeches and published too many articles about how you solve the problems of the "culture palace" in today's urban environment. And I'd been describing the problems that come with a museum like this, a place created by the upper-middle classes and the aristocracy, that now finds itself surrounded by a black, Puerto Rican, economically depressed community. So the Brooklyn invitation was a put up or shut up situation.

The year before I moved to the United States I explored a number of possibilities in Canada, though I didn't get any very excited responses. In Canada people still want the director who is a gentleman scholar. It wasn't possible to become director of a major Canadian institution, but it was possible to become Director of the Brooklyn. The buck door is open in the United States and these things are possible. In Canada things are far more rigid.

I think it's possible to get away in a lot of false nationalisms. If you're concerned with the way that art and people interact, and the way in which art resources can be used to make healthier societies, I don't think you worry about political boundaries. I suppose my attitude's got something to do not only with being a Canadian but with being Scots Canadian. Scots always have moved out all over the world.

Certainly in the arts it just doesn't make any sense to worry about those boundaries. If you're a volunteer you go where you can play. And if you're a museum director you go where there are problems you want to solve, and the problems that intrigue and excite me at the same time are here in Brooklyn and I'm having a hell of a good time. I'm enjoying life. I walk through the park in the morning. I get out of my car a month after I got here. The kids love it. My wife likes it. Shopping is most fun. And then there's Manhattan across the river.

PHOTO BY JONATHAN KAPLAN

PHOTO BY JONATHAN KAPLAN



**MORT ZUCKERMAN, 35**

Started playing the money game about 19 years after getting degrees from MIT, Harvard School of Finance, MIT Law School and Harvard Law School. When he was 29 the city of Boston decided he was one of its 50 outstanding men of the year and he left college friends from Montreal in confusion. He's now a multimillionaire twice over. His firm is currently developing multimillion dollar real estate projects in Los Angeles, Singapore and Boston. He invests his knowledge, ideas, etc., making city and regional planning at the Harvard Graduate School of Design.

There's just more of a mythology here, a willingness to recognize talent. And guys if you can put the deal together, you can get the backing. It's amazing how people respond to the opportunity to do something new. America has always had that tradition. You don't need establishment credentials. I mean, I'm an immigrant. Right now I'm working on a project in the heart of Boston that's budgeted at \$225 million. It's the most exciting project I've ever worked on. We've got 18 acres of land overlooking the Boston Common and the Public Garden and we're planning an 800-room hotel, 1,500 apartments, office space, plus specialty shops, clubs, academies, cinemas and theatres, things that bring people in at night as well.

I started in Boston because I'd just graduated from Harvard Law School so I knew Boston a little bit. But frankly I didn't want to go back to Canada.

There's an acceptance of the entrepreneurial role here, for one thing. The Horatio Alger myth and the adaptability and pragmatism that permeate the U.S. way of life apply to business too. People are willing to figure out what works, knowing that if it works the payoff is on a very large scale.

And business and social mobility is so much greater. I mean, I was a senior vice-president and chief financial officer of one of the largest real estate firms in this country at age 28. I just think that would have been much less likely in Canada. There's a fascination with youth here and so there's a tendency to give younger people a chance.

You just happen to be much more establishment-oriented in Canada. There's far less flexibility and imagination and inclination toward change. One of the things I studied in Canada was the role of American investment there, and the fact is that American investors have always been far more adventurous in the overall pattern of Canadian economic development—in industry, in oil exploration.

Of course, if I were living in Canada I'd think it was a good thing to keep Americans inquisitive. It's too easy to rely on the guy you know is going to do it for you, and that diminishes your own willingness to take these risks. And that's unfortunate, because making taking is something you get used to. It's based on knowledge. The bigwigs think is somebody who got used to it. If you're content to jump over six-inch blocks the rest of your life, you'll never learn to handle the heights. If I were Canada I'd email that Canadians take the risks, get on the high wire. Look at the Japanese. They got used to it.

The chances of my own coming back to Canada? Nil. What's to come back to? What's to leave? I mean, I created my own life here. I love the dynamism of this country. I love the politics. The rewards have been beyond even my own expectations.



**ALEXANDER WOODSIDE, 34**

Got his first degree at the University of Toronto where his father was Premier and Academic Vice-President. He came to Harvard in general, rather than to the United States in particular, because that university is the centre for East Asian Studies in the western world. He's now an assistant professor responsible for developing the first program of Vietnamese and Chinese Studies in the United States. His personal interest in doing here is academic, but he doesn't deny a hope to influence the American government "along the right path," as he and fellow East Asian scholars perceive it.

There's what a sociologist would call a circulation of elites in the United States, which means that journalists talk to professors, and professors talk to politicians, politicians talk to journalists, and so on. It would be dangerous of me to pretend that leading people in the government don't have conversations with Harvard. Kasser is just the most obvious example, and I do have conversations with these people.

I'm completely apolitical, needless to say, to American policy in Vietnam and my energies are devoted to stopping what the United States is doing there.

I have foreign service officers in my classes. They take lectures from me in Vietnamese history. I read and speak Vietnamese and I try to get across the fact that Vietnam is a country older than France, older than the United States, a country with a very rich culture and civilization. I try to show what the aspect of white-skinned colonialism has been on Vietnam. I think that has an effect, yes.

The person I work for down here, Professor John Fairbank, is more or less the creator of modern Chinese Studies in the United States. I was speaking to, let's say, an informal emissary from the Chinese Government and he said that his government regards Professor Fairbank as the chief architect of the collapse of the cold war between China and the U.S.A. For oneself, one doesn't know, but the United States is in a position to do a hell of a lot of damage, as it has done, or do a hell of a lot of good. And it's true that Canada hasn't impact of that kind.

I get the feeling that the Canadian government makes far less substantive use of Canadian academics than it might. One wonders whether the External Affairs Department in Ottawa ever talks to, say, Middle Eastern specialists at the University of Toronto about Canadian policy in the Middle East.

There's a feeling that one should try and go back to Canada and build a viable career in your line of study at a Canadian university. I've certainly never changed citizenship, which means I have never made an irrevocable decision to stay in the United States. I'm very proud of Canada so it is an agonizing decision, yes. When one goes back to Canada one finds many institutions among Canadian academics—which is a good thing—but too often nationalism is a mask for parochialism—and this is a bad. So many Canadian nationalist scholars' minds don't play with the great world theories. They don't compare their universities with foreign universities. They don't compare things in Canada with things in other countries. On the other hand, one can't deny the American domination of the government in power, but I sometimes feel that if this domination lessens it will be because of developments in the United States rather than developments in Canada. ■

PHOTO BY STEVE MONTAGNA

PHOTO BY STEVE MONTAGNA

# The Spirit of '72

BY WILLIAM KLOMAN

*The revolution that ended up in the hands of  
Jane Fonda, Benjamin Spock and William Kunstler*

Fantasy has always been our strong point, so that when Lawrence Sanders, the young Florida Senator, speaks of "the American Dream" on the telly, actual pictures flow in our heads, a gorgeous slide show, strong enough to superimpose itself on or the stage in the screen. Lunar landscapes, spheres curvilinear, swirling, whirling like reflecting gold light slams of life floating off one another, callions of frothy painted front porches where scenes from *Amos And Amos* are re-created.

Our imaginations were able to look across the purple plains into cloudless sunsets and not see the Indian farmers who were being crowded up in a far corner of the tobacco. Black slaves huddled nearby into one Old South cottages. There go no courage us with big eyes and winking lips and rhythmic clapping while we danced the night away and courted sleek-eyed ladies.

Effectively, we waken from one dream to the next, irresponsibly bright colors, uneasy brief power and our fathers tread foreign soil toiling deeply.

Later, the evening news footage of burning Oriental huts is interrupted for shots of terrified American students being by-felshipped along the pavements of violent college towns like so many harlequin kiosk boxes. "They're burning the children!" Mother shrieks as the telly. Dad raves from the bar, where he is making a perfect mistake. "I wonder what they're doing," he sighs.

When the dust settles there is blood in our streets, four white students lay dead in a campus meadow in Ohio; two black ex-obs students, gunned by deeply shrewish in a dormitory in Mississippi, Fred Hampton that is laid in Chicago. The victims are denounced by grand juries. The brief dream of Revolution that ran through our neurons like a bit of meliorism dissolves into a Police Gazette nightmare.

The rebel troops at dawn. Two tall figures methodically patrol the perimeter, casting cautious glances at a squadron of our police who march down with raised truncheons from behind adjacent barricades. The two men are middle-aged, obviously prosperous, well bred. One is a lawyer, the other a physician. We approach with the casual familiarity of an inquiring photographer.

"Where are the others?" we ask.

The lawyer is SL, a veteran of the civil rights movement in the south. He defied the Freedom Riders and later raised his clenched fist in Jacksonville, Florida, telling the crowd

there that the odds were even between the fat opening in brotherhood or opening to pick up a rifle. William Kunstler describes himself as an "extreme Constitutional lawyer," and adds that he is not a lawyer for hire. "I only defend those I love." That Kunstler loves turn out to be the bad guys of Middle America's recent drama; Black Panthers, rising convicts, student revolutionaries.

Kunstler has been with the movement 11 years and has managed to be where the action was for most of that time. When Jerry Rubin appeared before the House Un-American Activities Committee in a Santa Claus suit, Kunstler was at his side. In 1967, he personally tried to integrate the public tennis courts in Albany, Georgia, by playing with a local black minister. The Albany police arrived with batons and chipped down the nets during the first game of the first set.

The abandoned barricade where we spotted Kunstler is unimpaired. In fact we find him at the Center for Constitutional Rights in New York. The Center occupies walk-up offices in a run-down section of Manhattan once known as Hell's Kitchen. Teen-age gang fights were commonplace here in the 1950s. Some like these were the Friday behind Leonard Bernstein's prelude *What Shall We Do?*

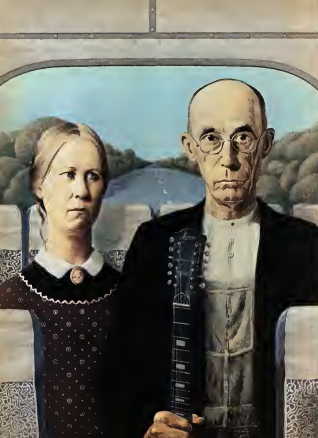
The office resembles a hasty assembled campaign headquarters. Typewriters clack behind movable partitions; currents of protest literature are stacked in corners. Kunstler sits at a long folding table. "I have a problem in that can be used in some ways for our advancement," he says, "and I am going to use it as I see fit." He is fond of pointing out that Lenin, Gandhi and Castro were also lawyers. He is also fond of saying his deep mistrust of those who seek power over other humans, which includes all politicians.

Kunstler has publicly indicated his willingness to go to the wall in defense of other people's freedom. "There are still things worth dying for," he says. With his Jacksonian-eye workshop whippers he wouldn't look out of place in bourgeois country a long-barrel Wendover. Beneath the radical exterior, however, Kunstler's political philosophy is classical Jeffersonianism. The author of the U.S. Declaration of Independence repeatedly noted that power had to be confined regularly to keep it from becoming despotic. He recommended a revolution every generation.

"The Nixon administration," Kunstler says, "went to take away the rights guaranteed by the Constitution. The funniest thing is that 90% of the American people are ready to let them

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# The Road Back Home

BY JO DURDEN-SMITH

Leaving the Midwest and discovering Middle America

High in the mountains of Oregon the old man begins to sing. His voice is so tentative and then in the lattice of clouds threaded through the trees "Children all have gone—one by one." His eyes have great pondulous lobes and the last of the twilight glass peeks through them. Only a few words across the dunes of the Trailways bus. "How well I recall in days long gone by . . . my sister and I." Grande, mts. of snow like sudden smiles run along the ridges. The air is still. We are the only people alive in the misty twilight both of this pass. And the old man sings against the treasury of our silence, as we roll on east toward the plains.

His plaintive, clement cry as through the first night, through the forests and scattered foothills like flashes from dreamers with strands of music. He quavers through the memories of small towns that whisper by in the darkness. And as we sit through the dry-mountained dunes, he sings to songs of Arkansas and going home. "I'm standing on the platform, waiting for a train. To carry me back to Little Rock . . . Oh, darling, you don't get wrong." At the end of each song, he takes off his hat, as if to pass it, and waves back to his audience with a grin as broad as the sky. Without it, his hair is dry grass, and his huge ears stand away from the wrinkled part of his face like bird wings.

Behind him, the little maidens of the mountains and her two comely children have fallen asleep in a single, like puppies, slumber bent of twilight. Her father sits patiently still at the opposite window, looking for revolutions in the Mainstream as slowly and regularly as once he might have looked for them in the fields. The old man looks in down, sliding them one by one, and reaches again for the shadows of his song. "Why down yonder . . . and the frog doesn't swim. They had his tail with . . . Clapboard signs like every post on, wounds. PARADISE VALLEY CAMPING GROUNDS. STINKER STATION. SCARLETS BROWNSVILLE. HOTEL. SPIDERS STANARDS. The old man whistles and laughs. "I'm getting old. I don't have the mouth. I'm played out." He rocks for a minute, then struggles back to his seat.

It's hard not to see in this old man an avatar, a memory made flesh, shaken up by the bus from the woods and fields of Idaho. The caribou paradise has more status than most myths. And this part of America has recently earned status as one of the centers of the mind, one of the few, perhaps, with real people in it. The old man knows it. See. Every now and again he looks back to where he is writing and his face

splits into a smile. There's something softness in it. It says that his songs are for me, my words for him; that we are locked together in the workings-out of a myth, he is actor, I am spectator. Once he yawns down in the back of the bus, shilling the bottle he's been sitting into for a thousand miles to a tourist godwit. "Did you hear all of the women who never drove no way but on an ex wagon?" he asks. "Well, she hitched them stems up in her carl one day, and she went off to see some neighbors up there," burst 12 miles away. Then she said she wanted to go off and see some more. But they said, "You can't do that. That's a long way. Best 30 mile. You'd better go by train." So they took her up to the train and put her on it. "Best 30 minutes later the train arrived at the station. Thirty miles, best 30 minutes. And she said, 'Hell, it's I've known it were only that far. It'd be walked.'" He pauses, rereads a thumb under his suspenders to let in the air. "She didn't know, you see, how far train has go. She reckoned they couldn't go no farther than an concert. Eek, eek, eek." He shrills the bubble of music that's been dancing at the back of his throat through his story. "You never did ride an concert, did you? I did. My jaw put me on one. Must've been five or six. Yes, sir." Whistle. Cough. Spit. And he walks down the bus to tell the story again now he's remembered it.

If we didn't believe in golden ages, our sculptural nationality would have got to men like him years ago, and danced out their voices and visions. But we do. From this landscape of cows and barns and a rust, effortful greens and the yellow is only partly real. It's not control with itself. It yawns in my head, and in the heads of those who travel it, for significance. Idaho, after all, is up-country. And the country, the Midwest, is the newest of America's Shangri-las, circled by politicians and painters out of a diagnosed mauler and a brand dream. Let me flash out the metaphor for you, old man, out of the country we're passing through. Take a physical map of the U.S. and overlay it with a political map of right, left and center. Behind us and in front of us, at the political currents, are the mercurial states of east and west, amphetamine cities like Los Angeles and New York. And here in the middle is this myth and truth, is that dunes state of mountains, is a seemingly homogeneous mass, unbounded by immediate seas, uncorrupted, and ripe for political coloring. They're on their way, old man. They'll pass at you, make you, pay in your state to their strange gods and there's nothing you can do about it. For when a political never-never land coincides with a na-

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**Somehow... Things made in  
Small Batches  
Seem to taste better.**

Carrington Canadian Whisky

## BOARD MEETING, Dec. 1999, p. 45

tional Nirvana, no amount of court-  
crafting can hope to damage its terri-  
torial integrity. You're in Spino Agnew  
middle America, and that's that.

And the dream? Furniture stores guard the road like the pipes of a huge dismembered organ. We crawl past potatoes from Idaho and planked lumber from

Oregon. Much boy trouble, sneering up the miles, great mouth of radiator stream open and one giant eye gazing into the sun and the grandeur of the highway. A woman gets off, and there's a big, heartening smile in the dusty haze. A thin girl in jeans and a motorcycle shirt smiles brightly behind her glasses. She cracks an eye if he's made up his mind.

and he inevitably self-knowledge of a certain frustration, the old inherited dream of a more united world. Giddens' vision of the world looked very fresh, indeed, each eye, instead of being plunged into the land, and measured in kilometers. Spence knows what he's doing, old man. And dreams require maps, and he's been on his feet there for you.

The brown face up from the old man's  
occupant like a gap of surprise to be  
learned or a SUI prior he spotted in the  
juggernaut risk "Is there a letter for me  
here. Was the question that he heard  
And he bowed his head and slowly  
walked away. His showing tobacco,  
and the boy sat in front of his

[illegible]

The kid looks as though his liver has never been out of the area of the hills. His skin is light tan, translucent like the skin of someone who stays outdoors all year. When the boy steps away from the sun, the stripes of turtleneck, white socks and flimsy tan blousing waisterette, the director: "Nothing happens, nothing happens," they complain, and the kid beams back at them with his dishevelled and much happier to be revivified with their dreams of moving on. He's on his way to Arizona, where his father is a mean foreman "on an Indian reservation." He talks slowly with a lag in the words: "Nun-continued on page 42

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Selected cognac...  
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#### ROAD BLOCK

than burglar!" And sure enough everything's closed in Box Elder County Sunday in Utah is a desert of a day. Saturday night is the big night, and if it's Sunday... all these roads do is to sit at the bedside of your burglar or see Jerry Flannery at the busy downtown camera where the moon works out heavily against the 90 degree sun or maybe just not around in the pickup looking for the action you know isn't there. Under the moonlight and through these old industrial smoky fumes of factories, gleaming houses and churches that guard the road mostly as you blow up the dust around them. If it's Sunday and the sun is still there it was in the week. Turn your year back, meeting. The deer River. Even two years a week for classification in closed. The state liquor store is closed. The home races sponsored by the Box Elder County show it's gone out at the Grounds were held yesterday. It was all yesterday. The horse and saddle that are gloriously behind yellow gel in the window of the Saddlery are ornate, ornate versions of their working ancestors. Only tourists or the Dero, Doro Riding Club come in for them any more. "Yeah, there's nothing to do, nothing!" The kid and I walk down the main street. Opposite the cinema queue stands silent as if deliberating whether to turn their heads one way or not. Sometimes they make it, sometimes they don't. The sun is too hot, and you have no more show like a candle.

In Utah the sun is in constant in the electricity in the water pump. In southern Iowa they watch it through the

warm run of the horse blades. Certainly it wasn't showing in fact the day I arrived at Omaha Iowa. There was just this mist of rain showering dry where it fell. The cabdriver had come out for the road. "That's the arrival. Government control," he said as he legged the bags across the terrace. "Spit out with 'up and into the trunk 'you entrance control'." Bang with the trunk top. "Bounded and everything." He was in a free look when he stood up. "Where did you want?" "Crestedville." "Crestedville?"

Crestedville is a small town of 6,500 people close to the Missouri-Iowa border, on the farming heartland of America. The trouble with driving across could be a mistake in a bus is that you find the Midwest only in flux, in the idea of moving on, believing yourself, getting somewhere. You digest a whole town as easily as a cup of coffee, and it divides behind you a week prior, a compromise in the important process of travel. In any case, I saw the state on a map I bought in San Francisco, and was struck by its self-confident orientation. It protruded more sharply than Tennessee. That.

The old man on the bus could have come from a place like this. It was once called the Appalachia of the Midwest. When the railroads converted to diesel and house heating went away from coal the Serbs and Italians who had ridden across went to the states in the 1930s were abandoned, jobless, by the coal-patch which had wanted them. The land

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# TEACHER'S

## ROAD BACK

was held by the Dutch and Germans who had arrived from Pennsylvania and Kentucky in the first wave of settlement. And there was no other industry. So they moved on, to another state, another hope, or else stayed on, dirtied down the new road. Centerville was made successful by selling country slams. There was no planning when the Depression came. It was simply there of the site.

The farms couldn't absorb the labor. Even in the good years they were never very prosperous. One farmer told me: "A lot of us are subsistence farmers. We get a job in the winter, put down crops in the summer. Ukraine coal. We'd be underemployed. Folks tell me: 'New state of us have town up and gone off to Rock Island or Davenport or Chicago. The rest of us have tried to stay on and prosper.' The problem is that to make a farm pay it's got to be 500 or 600 acres. You only make 75 or 80 bushels an acre down here. So you're selling a quarter of a million dollars' land up for \$7,000 a year profit. It's hardly an industry you'd want to buy your way into, is it? All you can hope to do is to get an education as possible and pray. Otherwise, ranchers from Texas, or big farmers from the north'll buy up your land and put their hands on it."

The only alternative to stagnation and decline in places like Centerville is to attract what industry you can. Casinos, down the road, has just won a strange victory from Jeremy Dean, the country singer. Centerville has a Young Riders' factory on the way. The trouble is of course that you have to raise money to get them there. For its industrial park, Decade could only raise \$750,000 by passing the hat among the teachers and the lodges, and had to borrow the rest. In 1966 Centerville had to raise more than \$250,000 for McDowell Edison. This year, Young Riders, its jet outfit, has come there \$50,000 just to fund the sewer work and secure the area. "Industry comes here because farmers are good workers," says Robert Block, head of the county's Republican organization and publisher of the *Boys' Inquirer*. But it's not so simple as that. They come because their capital expenses are defrayed for them. They come because the labor is abundant and the wages start at \$2.05 an hour. They come because Centerville is a conservative community that remembers the Depression and is therefore unlikely to make trouble.

It's not easy to spot any special flavoring in places like Centerville, or in any of the small towns we just thought on the bus. Scattered they didn't have time to develop. The modern age came too quickly. And the lesson at the lido on the Utah peninsula disappeared because it had been created solely by television and bad times. All there is is a

large instant friendliness in Centerville, for example. It took me minutes for my pork chops to arrive over the counter at the Blackfoot Cafe. Five minutes later, I was debating the pork-basted meat up at Rainbow Inn and the pros and cons of stop-mopping. Ten minutes later I had a bed.

The first time I recognized the sparseness of life was in an Oregon hotel. A local happy band was rambling down through old Benny Goodman numbers, and the restaurant was crammed. Somewhere around the drink I realized that there was more than usual jolts in the air and that I was expected to join in. I'm a city man and was out of sight, I thought, behind a book. (We have learned, we refugees from other men's eyes, to disappear discreetly.) So I joined in and muddled with tongue-tied way that local strangers were catching at each other. Looking around and pushing great smiles through each other's cold fronts. I even danced with a Eugene woman while the band played *Everybody Loves A Monday*.

Afterward, in the middle of *I Love My Aweir In Aweir*, I understood something about personal space. Where space is a question of community, an oasis, more or less, and where it is the act of making and entering the frontiers of their self-assurance. They are alone by

choice, sealed in by the privacy of a bright table. It is so with other accounts. City folk request a square space against a mountain. Country people on the other hand, are alone not by choice but by necessity. Their personal space is not inward looking, but outward looking. It extends as far as they can see and hear and know. And in company is virtually embraces everyone in the room. I listen to the chatter on the bus. In New York, strangers and survival would demand silence. This sense of space as spreading beyond the person protected for a particular activity encourages certain kinds of music in the Midwest.

Rock every minute. It performs private fantasies of how its audience would like to be perfectly suited, perfectly sexual, perfectly wrong. It is simultaneously a private mirror. It needs a deliberately ambiguous and open heart, designed to induce any fantasy of the future. And its audience dances alone. The Midwest has two musics, by contrast, and both of them are solitary. The vineyard standards of local dance investigate shared experience. They democratize the past. The country and western songs that someone plays on the jukebox at every stop provide a vision of how an audience imagines it will be, simple and direct, bonded up to love and the family. God and the

land. It demonstrates the present. And to both musics, people dance in pairs or groups as they disperse in Oregon.

Space is a word you hear a lot of in the Midwest. Space to breathe. Space to raise your children. Space to be your own man. It's the theme of many of the old man's songs. But neither the people nor the songs mean by a pure physical space. Space is a high mountain, wide plains. They mean what I call personal space: the ability to shape and control your own environment. At this is the space that has been cultivated by television, Washington and the west. The world is made small by electricity and information. And, though he is remote in geographical terms the Midwesterner is uncomfortably close to the abyss between the political principles he learns by vote and the following decisions of politicians. He is losing his space.

Why are farmers there? After all, if the Midwest lives in a dynamic historical tension between America's past, as defined by dreams, and the difficulties of its present, you'd expect writers to find a further role in it. I asked Vance Bourjaily, the director of the Iowa State University Writers' Workshop, why Centerville has this endless landscape all so unaccompanied by nature? "There's too much movement," he says.

*continued on page 34*

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ROAD BACK continued

There's never been much for an individual country to develop. Let me put it in terms of writers. The trouble was that we got stuck in the past. We were like the Jews in Sodom. Lewis Rubinstein told you had to be executed if you were going to write about small-town America. The second was the southern tradition, which was very much a tradition of being very slow. And that was it. The other thing was that writers moved off to the city. I lived in New York for a long while. There you could make it. And we all came to the city. And that was the problem: the places we moved to rather than celebrating the particular virtues of the places we'd come from. Since writers, maybe the only moving out country now, after the war, was the South. And that was all right. A nomadic society, a place from which people are always moving on, can never achieve a real culture, at least if it's not a real culture, there's no loyalty, no love, it's self-protection.

[illegible]

Other women flow back from the front. "And he's always just argue" with everybody. I don't mind when he does it with my sister. I guess, that's his folk. But when he does it with my best friend I mean I just can't stand it." It's a woman on her way to Dallas. She's taken over the old man and forced him to listen to the foolish ravings on her

**8 years and 5 moves later,  
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From Bards, to Julia, to Mrs. Masses, Mary Thayer to the Masses

**5** Her Maytag Dryer traveled along, too. And it only needed one small repair in all that time.

"I have had marvelous satisfaction with a Maytag Washer and Dryer for the last 8 years," writes Mrs. Sadie M. Morgan, Calgary, Alberta.

"I was working when we purchased them originally in Prince Albert, Sask.," she continues. "They were the difference between 'never being done' and being able to keep up beautifully."

Mrs. Morgan says the family moved around a lot, and they took their Maytag along. Prince Albert to LaRonge. Back to Prince Albert. Then Grande Prairie, and finally Calgary. Still, her washer hasn't needed a single repair during these eight hectic years. Her dryer had one. "I also have had a Maytag Dishwasher for approximately three years and find it equally satisfactory," concludes Mrs. Morgan.

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**ROAD BACK** instead

two husband: all the things she didn't dare say when he was there, and things she can perhaps only think of now that he's gone and she's on her way back to her mother. The old man listens patiently, cranking out an occasional "we-ell" when she falls silent. After all, the dead burn his fingers from a machine, wring on the verge outside the cafe at the last stop and she does need to talk. "If only his prostate didn't hurt so much. If only his 33 years hadn't pressed him quite so hard these last few decades." And my mother. She only as how to do everything all the time. De duh. De duh. She even tells me how to do the dishes. "We-ell." She even tells me what to do with my cooking. "We-ell." Whistle. Spl! Eek, eek, eek.

Finally, of course, they sit together the morning man and the complaining woman. We come down toward Denver through drizzle of great Michelangelo battles most. The left turning away as we enter side of an millions of years of apple rock. There are small sudden pickles and that some of them. But otherwise that's nothing but a meeting of mountains and sky. Then back through the horizon of small towns to the meeting of the woman and the competitive slurs of the drink. Drink with money, love had weddings and worse lives, a careless, whining litany of bad luck and failure. "517-58 a week." "It used to be only \$15." "My sister." "My wife." "My husband."

To belong somewhere, that's the dream. Everyone should be for a while in a Greyhound station and watch the sea of people go by. Watch the big armed cop allow the handout results one call to someone who's out there and let to a youth center for shipment to Kansas City or Omaha, Nebraska where his parents will endlessly repeat the things they drove him away. Listen to the man on the phone who repeats "You don't start speaking more in the world to do work me!" breathing heavily into the microphone, then, holding on to something, anything. "I want my watch and my back, do you hear me?" saying it over and over again until the woman on the other end hangs up and leaves him standing there with the receiver just hanging in the fuddled air. Look at the stream, endlessly calling, for a local friend, a lost family, the pure of it, this serving for connection this search for redemption. Hello, hello. Is that you? Oh well, I'll call back later. Jesus, what now? They fumble through yellow pages and directories, eyes staring for a cone. There are very few in the coffee shop. They're all out here in the concrete, waiting for a connection, for meaning, waiting for the men at the microphones, the new pop-ups, to tell them where to go. To arrive is better than to travel, hopefully. ■



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do it — just for the sake of keeping things quiet." The stonk points to the 1960s, he says. Were the son of a slave resistance required to prove on the occasion of power into tyranny?

Kushner attributes the protest movement's quarantine during 1972 to the naturalebb and flow of human affairs. "Sometimes we're tired; sometimes we're alert. The Movement is the U.S. going through these periods because it is composed of human beings. We consider that the former faith of the Movement — sharply defined Black Panthers, SOBs leading mobs across the campuses — has been largely donec undermined by government repression. "The KKK's kidnapping look a fearful toll in wrath and ability to stay in the streets," he says grimly.

The government's come down hard on the Panthers. Their leaders in Chicago were shot by city police. They were imprisoned by conservatives fraudulent promises in New York, Los Angeles, Boston, New Orleans. Congressional committees compared with one another for Panther witnesses who were worthless headline material in 1968. According to Kushner, the establishment resorted to every illegal and unconstitutional means, including murder, to destroy these people. Anything this could think of, even to the point of publishing na-

me. Science comic book attributed to the Panthers but actually created by an employee of Senator McClellan's committee to slander them."

As a result the Panthers have turned to unconventional contemporary politics, setting up health centers in the San Francisco Bay area.

The Weathermen (now styled Weatherpeople to include females) surface only to read statements or to take riotous credit for incendiary acts. Mass participation in the peace movement has been largely deflated by the withdrawal of U.S. ground forces from Vietnam even though a movement was not intended to lay waste the Asian continent.

The minute our young men weren't dying we saw of give up on opposition to the war," Kushner says. "If all we're killing is gods it really doesn't matter because gods have no value. That distinguishes one of the fundamental defects in our national character. It simply doesn't matter to us how many Vietnamese are dying while we support a military dictatorship that oppresses and tortures those who speak out against it."

As we talk, secretaries come and go bringing letters to be signed, asking for discounts on parking passageways. Kushner has been called the "legal's agent matter of the movement," but he is also credited as a case hopper who drops in like

a personator on cases likely to produce headlines.

"I haven't reached the stage where I believe the government must be overthrown, by force," he says. "I have reached the stage where I believe the present system and all its subsidiaries like the judiciary are incapable of meeting the needs of the people. This includes growth out of the nature of America life," which he describes in traditional terms as a usually silent struggle between the haves and the have-nots.

The lawyer who has represented Daniel Berrigan, Martin Luther King, and Siskiyew Carmichael is not involved with less sensational clients and maintains vigilance at the grass-roots level of criminal law, where the rights of the poor and obscure are habitually overlooked. Kushner defends black separatists in Mississippi, Puerto Rican militants in Minnesota, Chicanos.

Another current client is H. Rap Brown, who was accused of razing the Black of Cambridge, Maryland, to burn down their town. Brown, now in prison on Long Island, is a close personal friend and was married to Kushner's niece in Manhattan. Long Island's Kushner describes his client as a shy, very private man, and says the supposed robbery of a Harlem tavern was actually

continued on page 40

## Some not-so-straight things you can do with Chemineaud Brandy.

Ask most people for a brandy, and they'll serve it you, as an after-dinner digestive. But CB is more versatile than that. Try some of the recipes below, and see what we mean. With a little imagination, and a little CB, you can create an evening to remember. We promise.



## (Or, CB & just about anything.)

Let's start with aperitifs. A Ralls-Royce cocktail for your companion: 3/4 oz. Lervox Triple Sec; 1/4 oz. CB; 1/2 oz. orange juice. Shake with ice and serve in a cocktail glass, topped with a cherry. And, for you, the less-conscious Side Car: 1/2 oz. Lervox Triple Sec; 5/8 oz. lemon juice; 1/4 oz. CB. Mix as above.

Onto the main course. Pepper Steak Flambe: Simply press peppercorns into the meat before cooking, and when things are sizzling nicely, add 1 oz. of CB to each steak, and light. The slow-burning flame sends in the flavor of the steak while retaining the flavor of the CB. Serve the Steak Flambe with a fresh salad of olives, green beans, and onions.

Now for dessert. Brandy Peach: A scoop of vanilla ice cream, covered with a peach half (cored). Pour 1 oz. of CB gently over the top. If your dinner

companion is in the mood for a plum or eggplant sauce, add a little CB to that, too. Magnifique!

Afterdinner: The very contemporary Stinger: 1/2 oz. Lervox Celine de Meurthe White; 1 oz. CB. Shake with ice, strain, and serve with a twist of lemon. If you're looking forward to a long, quiet evening, be more ambitious. Create a Flamingo: equal parts (1/2 oz.) of Grenadine, Lervox Celine de Meurthe Green, Lervox Triple Sec, and CB. Pour each ingredient slowly down the inside of a tilted glass to prevent the layers from mixing. (Use a 2-oz. cherry glass, or any tulip-shaped drinking glass.) As a final touch, light the CB and let it flame until warm. Then, put out the fire, sit back on the sofa, and relax. Even if you aren't the first to experiment with CB, you're certainly making the most of it.

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## SPRINT OF '72

in anti-drug and on a privacy heaven distribution center.

All the old friends are gone: dead in jail, called like Eldridge Cleaver, or like Stokely Carmichael. Gladly missed on an African wild after making a few headlines and having their pictures on the late news.

Radical professors like John Geras, who participated in the seizure of the administration building at San Francisco State in 1967, have been placed on academic blacklists or forced into exile. Mario Savio, the leader of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, now works in a bookstore near the once turbulent campus. Ray Mungo, who with Marshall Brown formed the Liberation News Service as a radical alternative to the cheating wire services, has disassociated himself from the "vulgar Marxism" of insurgents with an LNS and moved to a farm in New England. Most contacted suicide.

Are such people redeemable? Easily, the television screen tells us, and the image is Jane Fonda's, casual in her hair as she banters filling on Vietnam killing as what we already know, bringing home from Hanoi the same story told by Susan Sarandon, Mary McCarty, David Dellinger, Tom Hayden and a slew of other observers who joined Jane's starlet escape to the Communism capital of the north. Surely this is Jane's greatest adventure: something akin to a real live Starbuck, and we wonder what is Roger Vadim? What is the baby? Is Jane a fresh-out cowboy like poor Martha Mitchell? Is the Volky Road? Is the Joan of Arc?

We could understand Fonda in Berlusconi, blowed out almost, bent on pleasure stronger than we could easily imagine. We Americans admire her dedication to the Indian cause more than most Indians, but a people's movement doesn't easily join forces with public idols. They are suspect, and when the Jane Fonda race their voices

in dissent they seem more candid than the voices of our better states unless pleading for a hearing.

Money for radical causes, always in short supply, is especially hard to get in an election year. "We will find a way," Kunder says. "Even though we have to scrimp and scratch and steal to stay alive financially — to hire an office, to get a telephone — we always manage it."

Later today Kunder is flying to California where he will meet with Black Panther leader Bobby Seale, who is now involved in the most traditional form of protest, running for mayor of Oakland.

William Kunder gave up a conventional law practice to battle against the abuse of government power, a task as serious as chopping off the heads of Hyksos. His only regret is that he is separated by race and social class from those he defends. "I guess I would like to be black and have the education and professional talent," he says. "Black people have been involved in almost everything good that has happened to me. But I'm so grateful I have to be Kunder."

The physician in Dr. Benjamin Spock, the world's most famous baby doctor and Presidential candidate of the People's Party, a recently formed coalition of local "peace and freedom" groups Spock's book *Baby and Child Care* in its 17th printing has sold more copies than any other book besides the Bible and has been translated into dozens of languages.

Spock Agarose and Norman Vincent Pease hold Spock's somewhat permissive raising techniques responsible for filling the streets with a hairy, drug-crazed rabble. Spock agrees that he is merely read as a popularizer of Dewey and Freud. "Children were to grow up," he says. "That's their nature. You don't have to intimidate them into becoming civilized. But what Pease and Agarose could

continued on page 43

# Introducing a Vodka so smooth it demands to be called Deluxe.

## Gordon's Deluxe Vodka.



The Mockingbird



legislation of marijuana, public ownership of nuclear reactors, to be run by boards of workers and local consumers. Also: immediate withdrawal of U.S. forces from all foreign territory.

Spock talks of entering the university to the people, observing that industry finances both major parties, to reach the same way it sponsors television programs. Independence from the sponsor is virtually impossible in both situations.

"The only good thing you can say if Nixon's re-elected," he says, "is that we'll continue the radicalization of the young. Some people say the young have lost their radical impulse. Some say that there was never more than a minority radical impulse. They are certainly more cautious than three or four years ago when all you had to do was shout 'be the burners!' and they'd rush out on impulse. They aren't doing things like that anymore, but I refuse to be concerned that they've lost their idealism and their eagerness to be radicalized."

Spock's anti-war activities have led to the publication of his child-care book in the USSR by the Medical Publishing House in Moscow. If his techniques catch on, they will be revolutionary for the Russians, who need to keep their infants swaddled and on their backs, and prefer them to walk earlier than Spock recommends.

When Spock describes his abortion from the American Dream, it is interesting to a man talking about finding his

self in bed with a pol. com. "I became reluctantly aware that America is impotent. Then I became aware of the terrible failures in domestic policy. In 1963 I found myself living below the poverty level, a situation I consider necessary. But that's only the well-to-do generally get good medical care — this is absolutely necessary. That we've made no real progress against pollution is further evidence that the U.S. is run for the benefit of industry. I used to think there were post-Communist style slogans but now I think they're true."

Although he sees the majority of young adults as frustrated and discouraged in recent months, Spock stands in the peace movement with strong Lyndon Johnson out of office ("an impressive achievement," he comments) and with raising a majority of the electorate against the war. He adds that the war must be treated as a symbol in middle-class American consciousness to questioning the government on foreign policy issues.

Spock himself moved from self-brand Democratic liberalism to active resistance only after much thinking with the reason. He has often held conversations here organized with his division to sit down on the sidewalk with laughter. "It was," he says "excruciatingly embarrassing. We one of these bad dreams when suddenly you are downtown without any clothes on."

The doctor's symbolic acts of the

obedience were photographed in advance with police and released as their part in the performance. At the Whitehall Street Indian Center in New York, he had difficulty getting in his chalk mark on the sidewalk because a television crew was standing on it.

His join, with Yale chaplain William Slovic Coffin, to inundate the Attorney-General's office with drafts of letters to the superior, typewritten and typewritten, defied the authorities when the whole blew there would be some kind of safety in numbers. This particular fantasy perhaps originated in Howard Park's story of Spartacus, the self-styled Roman slave whose followers are claimed to be Spartans when the government believes them for their leader.

Spock and other demonstrators have been arrested and have had their day in court. Most of those whose defendant's symbolic have been freed, but still there is no Trotsky no Lenin, no Chi who calls the second American Revolution his home. Much of organized labor's response to the movement was dissipated by the New York King assassination when, in 1967, refused to let Spock's campaign made him out to be a fighter so the good doctor could enjoy his own leisure pastime sailing.

From the docks on Farnham Bay Dr. Spock thanks Lyndon Johnson for providing him with a peaceful island car in the field of resistance. He is ready to sail again, and he says, "I can see the boat right out there, about 100 yards from shore. The weather is nice and clear right now but it's going to be rainy and foggy and dark again tomorrow."

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Spock and other demonstrators have been arrested and have had their day in court. Most of those whose defendant's symbolic have been freed, but still there is no Trotsky no Lenin, no Chi who calls the second American Revolution his home. Much of organized labor's response to the movement was dissipated by the New York King assassination when, in 1967, refused to let Spock's campaign made him out to be a fighter so the good doctor could enjoy his own leisure pastime sailing.

From the docks on Farnham Bay Dr. Spock thanks Lyndon Johnson for providing him with a peaceful island car in the field of resistance. He is ready to sail again, and he says, "I can see the boat right out there, about 100 yards from shore. The weather is nice and clear right now but it's going to be rainy and foggy and dark again tomorrow."

The doctor's symbolic acts of the

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**JASPER**

**PRESCRIPTIONS**

When he walks off with a pound of malbolles  
I know he's worried about his cat

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world of half a million per, and has had more instant conversions than the Vice of Amy Smeary was so happy that he, on prime time TV, gave Nixon a big hug, to which not even the New Improved Nixon could respond with anything better than a smiling Bush which soon devolved into an uncomfortable orange Smeary Davis followed his old buddy, Frank Sinatra, into the Nixon camp to which he was supposed to attract five enterprise reporters and columns of *Golden Oldies* that Senate President's 1960s cooking.

Nixon's August renaissance was cynically called a conversion by some media people, but if you looked at it from the true media point of view you realized it was a three-day-blow version of *The Is Your Life*, particularly in the last frame where the entire Nixon family is up and waving. Since George McGovern was already a grandfather one could only guess that, on election eve, Nixon, with that same smile, would sell an American TV audience that not one but both his daughters were at that moment delivering a baby.

There were thousands of the old *There For A* live show at Nixon's Republican camp. In that middle American favorite one Gary Moore Laddner Godfrey used to choose women with brightly smiling hats and send the winners on yucky trips through suburban supermarkets and heavily perfumed. Adapting dramatic television techniques Nixon designed his media audience "delegates," gave them all little American flag pins they could wear like space cadgers when the latest load of armaments is densely launched into the dear blue air polity. That same media audience was taught to parody the cry of "Peace now" with "Nixon now," just as can anybody still missed the effectiveness in the Vietnam war. To understand the difference between Democratic and Republican Nixon's men built a high skilled museum full of state seals and towering over the sealed like an ark. If one didn't see the elephants and the "Nixon" labels one might well have concluded this was indeed a conversion of Elks, Lions, American Legionnaires, and Rotarians. Which, to a great extent, it was. The country largely absent at the Democratic convention came back to hear Americans. That, and the legs of Nixon's White House staff — all about "game plans" and "doing your homework" and "getting back to the drawing board" and "the name of the game is."

"Shakeups, one had to conclude after listening to Ehrlichman, Haldeeman, Kiss, Eggle, etc., was quite wrong. All the world wasn't a stage. All the world was a ball park and we had poor concessionaires trying to make an honest buck peddling peanuts as the stars.

If any slight remained unnoticed during the Republican convention, it, for one, didn't know what it could be. One by one Nixon's people paraded up to prove to Senator Robert F. Kennedy that, contrary to his fame, mediocrity was unsuitably represented in positions of American power. And poor Henry Kissinger, late of Harvard University, in the Nixon crew came off as some kind of ineffectual genius, or like a failed movie star planning in the boardrooms among previously playing summer stock. Listening to Nelson (aided with his Kevlar-doll face and slightly self-satisfied eyes, one could recall a time in American history when "harm the devil" was no extreme laudable notion) scoping the very bottom of Lyndon Johnson's suggestion box, Melroe came out some up, unsurprisingly, with mediocre ideas — though brutal and quite savage. "Meet the barbers" and "back to back into the Stone Age" said to be the cry of isolated military nationalists, as now, accepted U.S. policy.

Bratley looks like something else in that introducing blacked out the White House refers to as "leakage." "Leakage" not just a code name of the leakage of power into the Nixon-Gorman upfield throughout the 1970s century. "Leakage" involves more than blacked out. It threatens, always, to separate somebody where a lame goat — doing military or political or religious or economic harm not only to the opposing army but, better, to the civilian population. Domestic "leakage" operates less intricately, but not less effectively. A clear example of how it works might be seen in the case of Henry Halls.

Halls was summoned to put for jury tampering, came up for parole several times, and the parole was always denied. Finally, late in 1971 Halls came up for parole and the parole was granted. During the Democratic convention, Halls's old enemy, the Transients, was as vigorous as Henry and Abel in its opposition to George McGovern. But between the Democratic and the Republican conventions the Transients were a fatal last step and pledged its financial and political support to an old enemy, Richard Nixon.

To celebrate Henry and Abel, and keep them motivated, Nixon dropped a plan which would merit an extraordinary tribulation — something as serious as much as they used to hate Nixon himself. And the Republican platform, which had for years prodded "right to work" laws and the outlawing of the union dues checkoff, suddenly dropped that conservative holdover part of its platform.

The women who, six girlfriends, set up a committee to get the Nobel Peace Prize for Nixon couldn't decide whether

continued on page 10

# Introducing Rotary Combustion Evinrude Power. More quiet. More performance.



The Evinrude Rotary Combustion Engine is the snowmobile engine of the future. It's inherently quieter than ordinary snowmobile engines.

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It has only two moving parts. It's in clean-free of oil, smoke and roughness.

And, it's economical. (You may never have to replace the spark plug.)

The Evinrude RC Engine is a true first rotary combustion engine to go into a snowmobile. But it's the first Evinrude.

We've been working on the RC Engine since 1963. And after 9 years we're ready to put our name on the first rotary combustion engine built in North America.

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the outboards quiet

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the prize should be his for peace or war, and in a carefully ambiguous communique obviously wanted Nixon to get the Nobel for "peace." This lady Elizabeth MacDonell Manning, editor of *Frontier*, The Magazine of Money, just couldn't say enough about Nixon's greatness. "What a man! What a poker player! Here he was on the verge of the greatest victory, and he knew just how broke they were. He knew the Russians were bankrupt! So he could move the barbers and get away with it. What a man!" One of the people Mrs. Manning tried to enlist in Nixon's Nobel Peace quest suggested he compete with a posthumous Nobel Prize to Hitler.

Watching Nixon's operations in the Republican convention, and in the days that followed, one learned one great truth: that Lord Jesus's chosen that "power corrupts" doesn't begin to cope with Richard Nixon's history. If one goes back to his political origins in California and follows him through his secret deals and private deals and assorted highly-pigmented, one assumes that his present moral and ethical condition long predates his Presidential power. Late in August, it was heard that a day-after-the convention had contributed \$300,000 to the President's reelection campaign in return for a not understood a federal rebuff of — held your breath — \$300 to \$500 million. However the White House itself was involved in the buying of Democratic headquarters in the Watergate Building in Washington, one thing was quite clear: Nixon's former Attorney-General and then chief campaign manager, John Mitchell, had been close enough to

something to have given up his powerful position when his wife Martha — up to that time a live TV talk show job — threatened to blow the whistle on the operation. A Minnesota man who donated the \$25,000 that found its way into the hands of one of the people caught in the Watergate, was rewarded, late that same August, with a federal bank charter!

The ITT scandal, which led to the shell of the Republican convention from San Diego to Miami Beach, remained unexplained and of course closed as far as Nixon and his new Attorney-General, John Mitchell, seemed concerned. Richard Kleindienst, vice concerned. All of which made one remember the "Checkers" speech, and the California election's explanation that their small secret fund — of only \$35,000 — was intended only as a token of appreciation to "a friend who understood the businessman's point of view."

The "Checkers" speech, as everyone remembers, made Eisenhower keep Nixon when his intention was to get him off the ticket.

Nixon's 1972 campaign strategy is to ask the voters of America — Catholics who have hated Jews who are afraid the U.S. might not vote to support Israel; Democrats once for Humphrey or Jackson or Wallace; labor union members, taxpayers, retired people "first voters" — to come join "the new majority." It may work. If it does, the situation McGovern's people began when Bobby Kennedy was assassinated, and just one high price in September of 1971 will not reverse.

These people set out to do something, and did it — by winning the primary elections and getting George McGovern the Democratic nomination. They showed there was had joined at McCarthy's sensational children's crusade that there was a tough hard way to do political work in the Democratic Party and in the country U.S.A. When it was at the Democratic convention I ran into a young man driving a McGovern car. I needed a ride to the convention center. He was my chauffeur. He looked at the "Media" tag around my neck and I got in.

"You won't believe this," he said. "I came here to disrupt. I've been living in Riverfront City, smoking dope and breathing it. I was having a ball with Yip-pie and Zip-pie and Red Bullion bonds. Suddenly I woke up. Those people weren't serious. So I came here and joined up with McGovern. My Park bidden drink I'm shocked up with some Cuban drink. And I'm a volunteer! Not! Working for free! We're really going to war ourself off all of us on our own. So I came here and he got lost some year! Agnew. John Mitchell. Frank Sinatra."

The day after Nixon was nominated I overheard quite another kind of conversation. Two men were stretched out on beach chairs, smoking.

"Fish. I'll vote for him," said one. "Not only on account of Agnew. That way we make sure it's Agnew in '76. I'll sell you my ticket. Agnew for President, Easy for Vice."

"I'll give you a better one," said his friend. "Agnew for President, Reagan for Vice-President."

"Fish, but isn't bad?"

"What do you mean a man's bad? That looks Barry to be Secretary of Defense!"

Happily, showing only a few features of their mostly swallowed canny the two men discussed gloriously how the Nixon Supreme Court was going to bring back the death penalty, stop codifying criminals outlaw being do is unanimously every provision of the American Bill of Rights. The bid driving the McGovern out, those men; McGovern, Nixon, the two faces of this modern Jesus, the two sides of a messy American coin. McGovern and his people have undertaken the first real revolution in participatory democracy America has ever seen. With another some Nixon may have sufficient congressional and court backing to do dramatic constitutional parameters leaving and more fiscal damage.

Not just America but we in Canada and people in the rest of the world will be watching this coin flip. We may find ourselves somberly affected by the face first comes up "heads." Nixon's or McGovern's.



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The document was a message which was neither addressed to a specific person nor signed with a name. It carried the date October 16, 1970 the day Prime Minister Trudeau invoked the War Measures Act to deal with the crisis provoked by the kidnappings of British trade commissioner Richard Cross and Quebec Minister of Labour Pierre Laporte. The text was only 34 words long. It said: "Suggest advice that urgent action be taken to temporarily break contacts with the FLQ network since the Canadian government's measures may

have undesirable consequences."

Obviously the chief concern of the message lay not in the breaking of contacts, but in whatever contact existed between the CIA and FLQ militants in the first place. Had the CIA enlisted the FLQ? If so, to what end? Was the CIA for or against — and did the Canadian government suspect these activities? Any contacts at all could have, to say the least, troublesome diplomatic consequences.

But even in publishing the document, the *Montreal Star* acknowledged that it could not verify its authenticity and

most of the rest of the Canadian press — especially the English language press — was as skeptical that it gave little or no attention to the story. The Canadian embassy in Washington was genuinely concerned and wanted the *Montreal Star* but it would make a thorough inquiry into the matter. So far it has found no evidence that would justify its asking any formal representation to the United States government.

At the State Department, an official called the document a "ridiculous hoax" and, when the intelligence community was pointed out that there was a line in the document's official seal, that the signature was incorrect and that the address on the letterhead — 3430 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. — was an old CIA headquarters that now serves only as a downtown contact point and that, since 1962, the agency's operations have been run exclusively out of its new headquarter in suburban Langley, Virginia. "Bleedies," said one analyst. "The message presents two different forms in writing, the date and any self-respecting bureaucrats would cringe at that."

Informed officials also noted that Canada is one of two countries with which the CIA has an agreement to conduct no covert activities that are not approved by the host government — and that it scrupulously clears everything it does there with the RCMP. A veteran intelligence hand registered that the document might have been a Canadian forgery of which there has been a growing number in diplomatic channels, or a product of the media known French, who will seem to think Quebec would listen to its chatter if it were free to do so. One cynic hypothesized that the document might even have been a Canadian government plant, aimed at pushing the United States on the defensive during the period of renewed minority and trade negotiations. "The CIA wouldn't have used it if it is a memory for a spoof message like that," one analyst declared. "It would be crazy. They'd be more likely to use the book of an orange post." In any case, by the time the American government finished with its explanation, few observers persisted in the belief that the document proved an operational contact between the CIA and the FLQ — though given the agency's past history and present reputation it remained hard to dismiss the possibility completely.

Yet while all the speculation about this recent conspiracy plot or that clandestine nocturnal meeting has run its course, what the matter comes down to is American security — and the prospect is highly unlikely that the United States, whenever its good intentions were, would remain indifferent if there were established in Quebec, intentionally or by force, an independent state that showed itself to any way hostile.

Continued on page 74

The New York Times/Canadian War Measures Act document of October 16, 1970



## Just what the light drinker ordered.

We blended it, and mellowed it, and saved it for the light drinker. Then we put it in a bottle that's as right for the times as the whisky is. Looks like there are more light drinkers than we thought.



## Triple Crown.

Canadian Whisky by Clibbey.



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It's a big step in any family's life pattern and the young fly aren't the only ones affected by such an upheaval. Allied van gets you off to a good start, suggest how to involve each member of the household in this exciting experience and let you straighten up the details of cost. Extra options make expenses run up and, when the whole deal is laid right on the line, you'll realize that basically it's the expert service you get from Allied which means true value for

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So, before you make a move, look in the Yellow Pages for the Allied symbol which identifies the best movers in your town. It will clear the air of any misgivings you may have about the safety of your prized possessions, the well-being of your family, when you know everything's well taken care of in the professional hands of Allied — Canada's No. 1 Movers.



MORE CANADIANS  
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Prairie people can be proud of their own achievements, starting up a new industry, creating jobs, making a great whisky. Making a great whisky? Certainly. With a mellow flavour and a golden Saskatchewan glow. That's No. 1 Hard from the heart of the prairies. Something to be proud of. The whisky from Weyburn.

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#### CIA continued

The United States, after all, is the country which felt itself so threatened by the possible establishment of an unfriendly government in Vietnam — half-way around the world — that it sent in an army of more than a half-million men, spent tens of billions of dollars of its treasure and took several hundred thousand casualties. The United States still seems determined to go chasing after its society on remote and inhospitable battlefields. So imagine how it feels about Quebec, right next door. Quebec is New York's neighbor. Quebec is, indeed, different from Yaman or the Congo, or Afghanistan, and potentially more dangerous. Logic dictates — and precedents seem to confirm — that if that quaint, idyllicly scenic, friendly Canadian province in the north suddenly turned into the United States would not sit idly by.

A scenario among the scenes of the post-independence period is scarcely hard to devise. It starts with real resentment between Quebec and Ottawa, even if supposition is achieved in reasonably friendly fashion. As a consequence of this resentment, Quebec goes no help from Ottawa in stabilizing its economy and terms in the United States. Washington — fearful for Canada as it was in a comparable struggle earlier in its ally Pakistan — also declines to help, just as it scorned Bangladesh. Quebec, then, turns for assistance to the Soviet Union, which consents to extend economic aid on the condition that Quebec also accept military aid. In short order, Soviet technicians begin landing at Dorval, followed by Russians in uniform. Missions begin burning Niagara Falls while Soviet warships ply the St. Lawrence. After an announcement that the Quebec government seeks only friendly relations with all its neighbors, separatist units are installed around all major airports. Par-façon? Yes. Exaggerated? Surely impossible? No.

Of course, the United States would never intervene in Quebec without provocation. But it took previous little provocations for American leadership to justify itself the creation in the Bay of Pigs in 1961 and intervention in the Dominican Republic a few years later. How much provocation, after all, is necessary for a response from a superpower which has never really been threatened on its own soil — and may now be threatened by an apart new country with which it has a contiguous border? It should be remembered that many American political thinkers look upon the Vietnam involvement not as an isolated phenomenon but as the product of a permanent issue for intervention which is the national character. Small wonder that Quebec has been on the list of potential Vietnams which military officials keep looked up in their top secret

continued on page 76

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AVERAGE ANNUAL INTEREST TO MATURITY

the interests and in remote compartments of their minds.

It's hard for people over here to envisage favorable alternatives to what exists in Canada," said a key intelligence official at the Pentagon. "They're not prepared to risk the unknown. So they stick with what they already have: satisfactory or not. That's how we develop our intelligence to the status quo. Strategic scenarios are basically conservative."

But, though pessimism can confidently devise a scenario, we do not have any evidence that a strategy ac-

tually exists. It's true that a couple of years ago, American officials were worried that Quebec separatists might push Canada into civil war, or even into a period of extended political uncertainty. At the time of the Cross-Laporte kidnapping in 1971, Americans wondered what the hell was going on up there. From the perspective of today, however, the episode appears less the launching of a guerrilla war than the premiere of a FLQ闹剧, which will probably never be touched upon. American policy-makers do not conceal the fact that they are hatching over. "I think we

learned," said one analyst, "that French Canadians are not disposed to that kind of bitter politics. We were pleased to find out that, whatever the strength of French Canadian nationalism, Quebecers were more realistic by Laporte's killing than we were."

For the moment, America's Canadian experts predict that the separatist movement will be stopped in Quebec itself, well before it attains a voting majority. Most analysts recognize that the separatist generation of French Canadians is more intransigent than earlier generations but they have noted that Quebec culture seems to exercise an unusually conservative influence on its members.

The feeling within the American government now is that of separation comes, it will be via the ballot box and that English Canada will not stand in its way. Most American experts believe, then, that English Canada and Quebec will establish a workable, if not altogether friendly, modus vivendi. But, honestly, they do not see separation in imminent future. I think I can say — after many conversations with public officials at both the policy-making and operational levels — that the government of the United States, whether out of concern for conservatism or carefully calculated military strategy, does not want to see Canada torn asunder either by Quebec separatism or any of the other mechanisms that currently seem to threaten its cohesion. The words that keep coming up in talks with American officials are a "united, strong, stable" Canada. One comes away from these conversations with the unmistakable impression that the United States government looks on the prospect of dividing with more than one-servicing political anxiety to its north with deep and abiding horror.

The best thinking of the United States government has concluded that an independent Quebec is unlikely. If that thinking is wrong of course, Washington may wind up in a predicament as it was for Bangladesh — and with far more serious consequences. "But we've decided not to adopt a theoretical posture to a hypothetical question which seems unlikely ever to materialize," the official said. So, burning surprises in Quebec, Washington is likely to keep lighting around, ignoring drastically that the separatist movement in Quebec doesn't really exist. ■

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## They're only human

Assuming that it is not one man's personal grudge — *My Case Against the RCMP* (July) — I am sure this story will be taken to remedy some of the things mentioned, if they are based on fact. This will have to be done, as there is no doubt that the RCMP is still the most respected police force in the world. It would be a tragedy to lose the prestige of this fine body of dedicated men who will get paid less than some of our outstanding police forces and who work under often very difficult conditions. An immediate across-the-board minimum salary increase of \$1,200, more for higher ranks, is in my opinion long overdue, and should attract more high calibre candidates.

As the force so superbly symbolizes discipline, law and order, we expect the *Mounted* to be supreme. We tend to forget that, while generally a fine body of men, they are human, with personal problems. Like the rest of us.

P. H. HURSTON, MONTREAL

## Let's get it together

Bruce Blackett can be forgiven for not having all the answers to "planetary suicide," even for some ambivalence, in fact — *The Storming Of The World* (September).

We in the World Federation of Canadians believe that a World Federal Government, however difficult and staggering an achievement it may be, is, a reality, the natural mechanism to avert planetary suicide. There can be no general acceptance of instructions and hardships when some individuals (or nations) are slackers, no sharing of burdens and resources if greed is not curbed, and no personal devotion to duty does the masses without inspired leadership. Canada must increase its support of the United Nations and the United Nations must give the truth it needs to tell everyone what they must do.

World government of the Hitler and Stalinist model will, of course, be unacceptable and unacceptable. The beauty of world federalism is that it comes about by voluntary acts of member states, it creates a top-level government with only the power to solve the common weal, and it leaves other nations to organize states to solve in their own ways.

Nations such as Canada and the U.S. which presently enjoy a federal form of government, and those which practice parliamentary democracy, have a special responsibility to spread the gospel. The great enemy is the state with always the few persons who violate "It can't be done." For now it can be done!

HAROLD A. MILLER, TORONTO



- 1 Remember the old feller? The Master presents his beautiful sword!
- 2 And then conveniently states that to dwell in the cloud cabinet (but she appears again unarmed).



- 3 The truck is in the prepared words. Some words pass right through the cabinet. But with those that would perish her, she removes the secret. Indeed, takes a sword point previously hidden and gives it through the proper slot. As the Master pulls the sword out, she reverses this process. A great release!

Now for another real drink, try a Black & White straight

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for people  
who know  
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*"San Franciscans ignore the dangers of building on landfill. They compete for skyscrapers like children with sand castles."*

nothing like it, you see. It's one of a kind. And it stands as a beautiful expression of the victory the city represents of man over nature. You don't have to look good. You just have to look good.

But there is a special beauty about style. It takes a few days, for example to realize that, however abundant the young of the city look, it's finally just a matter of clothes and attitudes run up at home and then out on the street. The more things go for the beach mode. They enter through the columns of the Kuma and the Kuma, not for some cause, but ultimately just for each other. Every discernible group in the city is a walking demonstration of some quality or other: the young are alternative all over the place, the rich simply wealthy on the hoof, executives consume more conspicuously than elsewhere, students are "polished" some, "beautiful" and black-eyed and "disgraced." Everyone is disguised as themselves, "carefully got up," as an English novelist put it, "to play the part that is in fact their own." In the end, therefore, the best thing you can say about San Francisco, if I can address myself to those who remember China Town, is that it doesn't have it.

The problem is that it is that people are looking for when they go to San Francisco. Everything will be off right there. Dreams will come true where the weapons stopped. Maybe that's why so many invaders force themselves to go one better than the weapons, abandoning the comfort and its vision, and turning for our last look at the city that won't enough before they jump off Golden Gate Bridge. Somehow only in Europe are there paradises that work for Americans. Here the glutton (Plutarch's Point, Chaucer's, the Western Addition), the miser (the Embarcadero, the Presidio), the poverty, the racism and the corruption are, after a while, as visible as anywhere else.

On the other hand, if you're a tourist, it's a good deal. Harbort Gold once wrote that the city "looks high in elevation, diverse terrain, dark sea, outside egg rolls, seafood from vine and experimental food" and the last few things on his list you will never see unless you live there. And then are things he might have added: mud, mystery, laughter and laughter. For example. At any rate, enough to put me on my way to the first of the best.

The first thing you'll need is a car. The cable cars and trams and buses are efficient and cheap, but one of the delights of the city is that it spills out into some of the most beautiful country in America, unobscured in any other way. I especially remember three times I took on cars filled with gusto and good times. The first started at the United in Sausalito, a restaurant over the water in a little yacht harbor, where we parked down again and the city is visible across the bay. Then we went north through the mountains to Sausalito Beach where we paddled, suddenly, among the bearded young men of the city. Then north again, to the beautiful breathing woods of Inverness, and the first of Redwood Bay, before reaching inland along Sausalito River to Sausalito where we remained, only industry is visible freely food. The second was in the mountains south of the city, near Woodside and Ken Kesey's old home, where the road threads up in the clouds, the redwoods drop and the car goes down like an octopus. The third took longer, south through the Sausalito Valley, where every small town is the lettuce or artichoke or avocado capital of the world, chewing in the car through a riot of pink blossoms on the highway, then west to the coast at Carmel, and a bag-eyed tour of Hearst's magnificent vulgar castle. Then north again to Big Sur along Highway 1 which must be one of the world's most beautiful roads, lunch in the clouds at Marineland, and back through Pebble Beach, after before the hills and the sea, to San Francisco. All three trips are in the mud like lost.

If you plan to stay in the city, then stay at the St. Francis, a big, elegant, complex hotel, or at the Miyako, in the Japanese or Japanese quarter, the only first-class Japanese hotel in the continental United States. And then wonder. It's not much of a city for doing things. Culturally, it's as near as New York (in the past it was the center of the poets and writers around Pound, Pound and the City Lights Foundation, and the Committee, a group of poets and writers who operate out of a storefront theatre on Broadway). But it does have a special sense, as a stand through the South (the old Italian quarter, now San Francisco's Greenwich Village), with some of what that entails, or along Fisherman's Wharf, will demonstrate. Every visit, every great canyon is a different, so varied, so different by weight, indeed, that it's sometimes hard not to remember that it is not quite the letter had San Francisco isn't on believing it really is. ■

**Where to eat**  
San Franciscans are passionate patrons of particular restaurants. Here are some I like for visiting the city. Go by train on Broadway. For good coffee, the Trieste on Upper Grant Street, and The Meat Market on Second and Chicago. The first San Carlo in Chinatown, and the Italian on Divisadero. Sausalito: Fisherman's Wharf, the Pizzeria and Pizzeria's Gato. On Fisherman's Wharf: French Des Moines on Broadway. Sausalito: The O'Brien on Sausalito, and the Du Mall on Power (both very simple and cheap).

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**MICKY HOUSÉ** continued  
wind from the heartland, commencing  
written as both the past and the future in  
the form of a redemptive myth now.

Our first battle ground was the campus  
and merry Gueveras among us managed  
to disrupt 180 semesters in one brief  
semester. Others had left the system all  
together and lived in magnificent un-  
separable benign landscape with teaching  
and loving companions, no longer  
working but playing, faith and love,  
farmer and craftsman, taking their time.  
Doubt special grants just back from  
Vietnam joined our parade after having  
lost legs to march with. The war was  
only the shroud rather image of an un-  
derbelly of disgusting violence that our  
nation called a sacred duty. But eventually  
was now a dystopia created by  
least more evil men suffering from  
obscure bad books and a hard fiber-  
stem.

We educated contemporary moral  
responsibility because we knew that  
what America called responsible indi-  
vidualism was really alienation. This  
was the moment in time to create a new  
sensibility we said. Scarcely compari-  
son or weak resignation would not be  
indulged. Our perspective view was of a  
childhood conditioned by movies. John  
Wayne citizens of the dream, and so if  
we sometimes accused ourselves as in-  
fernal rotten vegetables, perhaps too  
livid to believe, it didn't mean we  
weren't serious folk. Serious believe  
long maybe, but given with an eye on a  
dystopia that would eventually be recog-  
nized as ours. Or so we thought during  
the good times.

But, even back in 1968 one writer  
among us reminded then writer saying, "In  
a single day we would have known  
something like optimism and a despair  
so deadly assumed there was no sort of  
cure where we would be permitted to  
gather with those we loved and share a  
creditable life — a despair that suggested  
that maybe we were the first generation  
that would imagine desiring to be so  
infernally cured."

As it turned out we became the first  
generation to grow old in New York  
without having grown up. The mili-  
tarianism never aimed and the move-  
ment dissipated leaving hundreds of  
young men and women alone, ob-  
scurely, for the first time.

Here's what happened: It was three  
o'clock in the morning when this genera-  
tion turned 30 and so the real dark  
night of the soul it is always there  
clock in the morning, day after day.  
Scott Fitzgerald should know, since he  
cracked up after having said there are no  
second acts in American life (all the  
while trying to keep his act together).  
Now some of us are regretting so infa-  
mously dream others are working for  
McGoverns, others are looked at, being in  
bed most after month going up on  
continued on page 87

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it is of interest to them. For reading takes work. Demands involvement.

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Magazines also allow corporations the amount of time they'd like to be fully credible.

Now we're not saying that magazines are the only worthwhile medium. But what magazines do best, they do better than anything else.

Maybe it is time for your company to get more involved with the Volunteer Audience. In magazines.

## MICKY MOUSE

keeping the set together. Still others are sick enough to be confident that what New York is witnessing is the crack-up of an entire generation. "Anxiety is everywhere," says Tom Wolfe over a hotel room drink. "I haven't quite figured out what it means."

The constant melancholy of the Sixties has broken down. The speed trap, the melacholic risk, is over. Back, the only real product of significance from the Sixties, has become Latin, a dead language for the purpose of ritual only. The music that connects the dead with the unborn.

All movements have broken down because at times out, they were all related. Ecology is part of the fabric of women's life because of the rape of mother earth. Male chauvinism (the radical woman's term) has given us femininity to become female chauvinism (the radical woman's term) which in turn has become planetary chauvinism (the radical woman's term). So much personal identity was created in the alchemy of casually defined peer groups, but eventually the public became bigger than the words say group had for it. Not once Copernicus knocked Ptolemy into the cheap seats by announcing that the sun, not the earth, was at the center of the universe has a generation become so suspicious of itself. We discovered that all we were doing with were symptoms and not the disease. The melacholies weren't going to come, ever.

Abbie Hoffman puns when the average arrives in Miami and holds the new word up high. "We are no longer signs of the old," he says to the TV screen, looking old to be sure. Abbie Hoffman is 36 years old we realize. What is he doing?

Kramer has it. Bill Dwyer is writing his autobiography at age 33. Boston Books, the largest paperback publishing house in the world, has put out a do-it-yourself, self-published youth culture production, that Everybody was so busy fighting the slaves from outside that they had no defense system organized for what battles were beginning to be waged from within. The blow from within.

There is no coast time that you can pause to with certainty and say, this is when a generation will collapse. The process of decay is an ongoing one, like life itself. But for a generation that believed it had a collective conscience the break comes when the community disappears. One day, a day like any other day, you wake up to the realization that it's over. With the community gone it's obvious that for all the fervor and solidarity few genuine friendships were made during the high times. Leftist with black books filled with meaning, please numbers you claim not to dwell, left with a hysteria, a phagocytic revolution, of

the phone itself and then, when you do finally phone, the sympathetic voice informs with all the mystery of the west that's finding it. "We're in a rougher state than I am," you say nervously and point for an excuse to hang up. (From) Kafka runs the kitchen sink in the form of a notebook. Who would have guessed there'd be a collective unconscious too?

A famous magazine photograph shows Central Park in snow, the most being burned away by the morning sun, and it is possible to remember with acute clarity the early morning sun in feed seeds emptying into from a party

gone stale. The lady enters three boys of cover to the curiously backing narrator (just enough to feed a sperm) and related the story of how a man once went here and shot all the snails so that the zoo was forced to buy new ones. Two months later we were offered to an office on Madison Avenue and told that she was dead. It was three o'clock in the morning when the fall from a roof. No one seemed to have any more information live that.

Also in the photograph, beyond the mist, are the twin towers of the Dakota, continued on page 82

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# This one we keep.

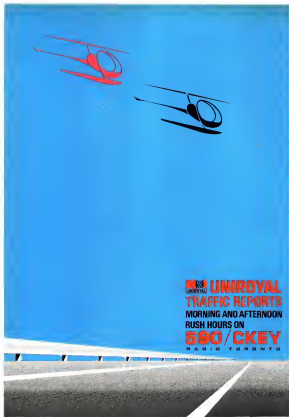
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# MICKEY MOUSE

midnight on March 21, 1971, the first day of spring, at the Café Nicholson on East 54th Street between First and Second Avenues, on the otherwise insignificant occasion of my twenty-ninth birthday. Jorge Luis Borges, the Argentinean writer, had poured a glass of champagne over the table cloth announcing that this, the first glass, would be for the gods, and the second would be for me, meaning for the year I had just recently lost, and I knew, unconsciously that many more glasses would be raised to this moment of my time and that, finally the evening exhausted I'd be presented with the bill. It was my birthday, but, after all, friends had arranged for Borges just as despite his hectic schedule and as he quoted from *Fireworks* is the original Anglo-Saxon drinking my champagne. I realized that this was an utterly gratuitous and meaningless meeting of people with the best of intentions: could you, too empty, devoid of warmth and friendship and any intimacy, so typically a New York evening, people trapped by a manner of behavior imposed on them by something larger and more evil than themselves.

A political student in a 1920s tuxedo was telling the table that the day was gone forever when such business surrounded their tables by putting out joints on silver platters from Tiffany's. Cocaine was the thing now and was usually to be found in drawing rooms inside jade boxes on mantelpieces, there for legends of the so common to snort with the help of little solid-gold spoons.

Over grand dinner, the political radical sits at, a lady of nobility, who shows his intensity and confidence, awakes one morning to discover that her guests had been snuffing in since the ornate room of her beloved, late husband. The grotesque wily escapes Borges who is attracted by only one word in the telling.

"Penthouse, a fascinating word wouldn't you say?" asks Borges.



Good news from the Great White Room in Washington!

"But why, mouse?" replies the political radical who by now has lost his Marcus-Lorentz raffishness and is merely signaling.

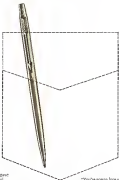
"That prefix, please, you see, I'm considering the Greek significance: odd and even."

By this time Borges has escaped within the luxury of his own literary imagination. The master's blind, you see, and earth's really strange who we are anyway that such be gotten we're all Americans we must also be Henry James insensitive to the refined estheticism of his wit, I notice that he only loses to

the voice of a beautiful Californian lady who sits across from him and who speaks with serene, prominent white, smooth, both clipped and dainty like the surf off Malibu Beach. The voice must sound protective to him and his ears develop aerial, straining to see her face.

It isn't remarkable that Borges is standing on his mouth and later, for my own only, seems poetry he wrote at my age. I've never met him before and know that after a lunch with him tomorrow (in an Indian restaurant's penthouse) I'll never see him again. I've not appended on page 94.

## They said we'd lose our shirt.



Our pen divisions gave us a shirt and said "You want us to design the shirt and give it to you?"

"Correct," we said. "But only on the market. Leave the rest of the shirt to us. We'll be the central force."

"We can't," we said. "We'll guarantee it, you'll defend it for the market."

"You want the pen to be the central force?"

"Yes, we do. We'll be the central force."

"We'll be the central force."

"Also, we'll be the central force."

"We'll be the central force."

"We'll be the central force."

"We'll be the central force."

"We'll be the central force."

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.

"You've given me your shirt," they reminded.



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Page 103

## earache DUE TO EXCESS WAX

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and a few empty meetings with John Starched. W. H. Auden, Quarter Crown Norman, Maclean, Tennessee Williams and others knowing I'd never see them again either. There was a time when I could have convinced myself that I was actually engaged in meaningful and privileged conversations, trading jabs on Parnassus, me with my youth and they with their wisdom. But by now, already, I had heard it all before. The same polite expressions of not the same nutty put-downs, the same small crutches. I worked in the publishing world in New York and it is natural that such people would turn up at my table sooner or later. They were part of the Germanic Great-of-the-moment, whether they realized it or not, pushed from drink, in dinner to meeting by a public relations machine that somehow believed that the dinner process would add up to money and more fame for its own. By now Andy Warhol had said that soon everybody would be a star for 15 minutes. Limited relationships become endless (a star for 15 minutes hasn't got much time to spare, you see) and real friends were the boys and girls we all left back home.

Outside the Cafe Nicholson it is cold, night cold and Jorge Luis Borges, for warmth by the way of the Empire, is helped to a cab by his chauffeur. Our Marxist is arguing polemically with the newspaper, insisting that we be taken on as the Rolls-Royce that is normally reserved for special guests. I stand alone with a Volskyensky gorge rising in my throat, helplessly depressed. Something ceased to what I had been these past four years was gone—transcendently it could never be 25 again. And could never again be young in New York City.

To those people who bring keyholes instead of eyes from the Midwest, New York is usually seen as another Babylon or a Rome in decline. There is a great place to visit the city you'll never be able to take home to Mom. But the boys from other towns who arrive in Greenwich Village every season in their sleek, dark, leather of decadence on the tips of their tongues. They are the sons of people who buy pieces of paper which lead to the boating of children to Vietnam are the ones who are truly decadent, spiritually bankrupt and they come to New York as an attempt to find a style of life that will place them inside the system. But New York is the system. It's an economic characteristic of the city's personality that makes most people in it believe that somehow they are outside the establishment, favor the creative impulses of American poetry, and part of an anniversary of moral change.

As widely as Jean-Jacques moved between New York needs these legends of naive workers to keep its mechanisms (continued on page 10)

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ated New York is always searching for primitive energy to take back with. The city needs what the black rights movement calls "nigger figures." In the Fifties the Jewish short story writers wrote New York's nigger figures to be written in and overtop by the conclusion then coughed out. The Saxons brought the machine black radicals, female radicals and lately homosexual radicals. All new nigger figures, potent sources of primitive energy, to be used up in play in the beds of the hotel. People who come to New York are men and women driven by the gross fun of an entire nation's burning, cerebral madness and, secretly, when disabused, finally come home, in New York, to his with a melancholy and rage unquenched even in all the towns that failed to give hope in the past. It should have been different in New York, the beautiful boys from other towns say. Different? The show from within.

Outside the Buffalo Roadhouse on Seventh Avenue near Mosler the cars are peeing bumper to bumper, pushing toward Washington Square. Inside, Michael Herr, the man most editors would not write the *Santa Vittoria* newspaper, a man with a sensitivity as delicate as a test, is talking about the war.

"When I say, I loved the war, I mean I give me the kind of definition I never had as a writer. And I'm being honest when I say I loved the war. It gave me myself. Then I came home, back to New York and saw that the war came with me. I saw the war on the streets of the Village, in the eyes of the people and in-

ally the war went right into my head. Later, then, what I've been doing for the last 18 months is to be on my couch. My friends are mostly doing the same. You might call it a black. Some of us know this depression was going to happen. Who would expect it? The car went crash. I think it might be the most important emotional collapse of any recent American generation."

Obviously, Charlie Motson is more honest in the American experiment than Allen Ginsberg. Although in most honest to the American experience than Woodstock. Norman Mailer said that the big shot was rooted in psychopathic tendencies. A psychopathic personality, he said, is one disinterested by its inability to envision the results of one's actions, to be indifferent to social morality and ethics. But a rebel without a cause is beautiful. He has transcendental powers and an energy not unlike that of a saint or a bullfighter. It was impossible to believe that one's energy, no matter how suspect, would not, inevitably, create vast change. Young in New York.

There is nowhere to go but back to Canada under the circumstances, a coach to be down on in a Canadian but don't really know what it means. In New York the struggle is evident, the protesters are vocal but have the bite of reality and constantly separate the token from the overman, the children from the men, the role from the role. In Canada so much seems false. It is characteristic of my place of citizenship that the people are often ashamed of themselves. And shame is a form of self-hatred. The country is cowardly and im-

posed. Lost to a national ambiguity by a lifetime of giving itself away too cheaply. Or so it seems to me. The country is only a still like two cars I love, a woman I've left behind and a family who stay close out of concern if not compassion.

I think of one friend, Robert Markle, a painter, and I realize why I can about him is that he is one of the few men I know who makes no distinction between his work, his day and the life he lives. He is a writer, too, and can write accounts as delicate as brush strokes. That does he'll be the first to realize that his work isn't brush strokes. He day, his work, his work, repeat parts. There are poems of integrity in Canada. A sensitivity can't go on forever being from an Art Canada get over like Gatsby, yet somehow I feel that this may be a condition I'll never outgrow. Expiation in my own country by a generation's unrelenting crime on foreign and I missed the most important four years of my country's recent life. If Michael Herr loves the war, I love America for the same reason. It gave me myself. America is Canada's Vietnam and I may never be able to withdraw honorably.

Every day, sharp at 8 a.m., a dentist begins his walk down Bloor Street. At no time will he be up from the crack that divides the sidewalk in half.

He will walk this crack faithfully until he starts at night on a bench in a small park near South Avenue. Children, tough as tracks, rush past him on bicycles with their horns ringing. "You'll break your mother's back!" But apparently he never hears. He continues on his monotonous straight and narrow, stopping at Mr. Posa's house, where he is given a free color and size (Bloor Street, across) and later at a sidewalk market where he will be allowed to select one fruit. I've watched his progress carefully and know that when he doesn't take the repeat patch, he will select a pomegranate. Strongly he swears what appears to be a fairy Pierre Cardin shirt and carries with him a worn volume of the essays of Montaigne. He has been walking this crack for 30 years and local folks say he will end up in Potter's Field, a pauper's cemetery on Horn Island in Long Island Sound.

The cemetery occupies 33 acres, one third of the island. There are already a half million paupers buried there and every Tuesday and Thursday about 200 more are buried in 150 unmarked poor caskets, lying with unmarked limbs from hospitals, by caskets who work the Potter's Field detail. Look closely at the man walking the crack down Bloor Street and you will see that he was once young, too (After New York. Inevitably. This year, on the outskirts of November, Mickey Mouse will be 44. ■



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I have discovered a peculiar new person on television. He's tall and slony, with a high-strung lip and a fondness for flowing scarves and lavender suits. This weirdo, as Archie Barker's phras, is a witty yet blade who inhabits Grace's Tomb, the neighborhood using which provides the location for ABC's new latest zink comedy, *The Corner Bar*.

*The Corner Bar*, raucous, crude, peep-the-face staple, is one of the raucous new nitty-gritty comedy shows sweeping over American television in the wake of the phenomenal success of *All In The Family*. I like it. But then I find *The Beverly Hills*, too, so you know where I'm at. The beelines are a motley and amorphous group of amiable drunks — a bon-soufflé oddball, an alcoholics junior executive, the wistful and Harry the bartender, who employs a salacious black cook and a rascally waiter of European extraction. The show has the venerable stamp of New York, a glibby, hilarious eccentricity, it's a fast patter of puns, jokes and insults with a lot of campy asides in brogue cadence. When I live, *The Corner Bar* comes on at 11:30 p.m., from which I gather that boom and banterously better now is a threat to the morals of American children. (The show is broadcast at 8:30 p.m. in other parts of Canada on ABC.) The last thing about *The Corner Bar* is the warm, honey-dewy feeling it leaves you with, exactly the same feeling you get sitting in a comfortable pub, I wish real drunks were as funny.

I also watch *The Super*, now funny. Starring Richard Cusack, the fat guy from *The Godfather*, as a grumpy Italian superintendent of a rundown New York apartment house, *The Super* is a wizen drama produced by the Meat-head, Bob Reiner. The super, ugly and inquisitive, has two misfit children and an exasperated wife whose heads he keeps threatening to knock off. In their search for authenticity, the writers forget the bad-mannered brains are not inherently funny; the wit is feeble, the timing ponderous and the cast the usual collection of oafy friend in unsuccessful situations comedies. The bad, because *The Super* is an important show, an indication that whenever it is at that beginning to catch up to people. Would Dora Day, weighing in at 150 pounds, climb into a chair, and the top turns on her trousers, and a mighty belch and glee bear from a cue? *The Super* does. Like *The Corner Bar* and *All In The Family*, *The Super* is about ordinary, down-to-earth working people who scratch and sweat and drink and get mad. They talk the blarney, fat slung of the American dream, their lives are vulgar and their passions are excessive. The fat lady jives with not much easier and so, but they're tough, clever and emotional. Hooray for them!

*MASH* brings something altogether new and startling to television — sex. I haven't seen *Hot Lips* pulled in the shower yet, but so far the TV series is more delightfully risqué than the movies. I think about adult sitcoms in enough to knock you out of your seat, suddenly everything else on TV looks awfully old-fashioned and Victorian, like *Julia Andrews* or *Anna And The King Of Sheen*. Violence is out this year, sex is in, although *MASH* (CBC-Friday, 8 p.m.) has some discreet blood and gore to give it a little added sex.

There's something terrifying, a sense of suppressed violence, about *All In The Family*. I get the feeling that if

BY HEATHER ROBERTSON



Archie Barker

## Here Come The Meatheads And Weirdos

Barker's peepholes have triggered an emotional response in America's heart which has caused millions to cry out against the show. I admit I find a certain revulsion. I find Edith's self-centered and servile, beautiful, Archa's cruelty is often more annoying than funny. A recent episode which ruled Edith over the coals for a long-held love affair was a frightening exercise in personal humiliation, it left me with a depressed, unpleasant feeling.

I asked one man why he thought *All In The Family* was so popular. "Why," he said, "it's about a man!" Most chauvinist parody has obviously had a huge male audience away from football games. It's the only show on American TV that deals with marriage. Since the end of *The Housewives*, TV has been swamped with swinging couples — widows, divorcees and those toothy, concubine professional virgins called bachelor pads. Not any more. I am told that in some new comedies, bachelors and wives actually sleep in the same bed! Undressed!

*Madea* is my favorite of all the new shows (CBC, Thursday at 7:30 p.m.). Played with great style by Beatrice Arthur, *Madea* is the Great American Mom. Hard-nosed, pushback, aggressive, secure, the combats of the most dysfunctional quatern of *Elmer Fudd*, *Lady Bird* and *Supper Portray*. A woman in the process of destroying her fourth husband, *Madea* is funny in a horrifying way.

The new comedies are radical because they are real stage sets, not fixed-up old movie sets or elegant miniatures who are speechless without a cue card. They are really little half-hour set plays with nothing to lose. There is a good script, a cardboard set or two, some lights and an audience. This theatricality makes them look off and artificial, but it also liberates them.

*Madea* and *MASH* and *All In The Family* are serious comedies dealing with adult emotions and entanglements. They have brought a thrill of Broadway excitement to TV; they have also brought the gutter language and ribald scenarios which have been the backbone of stage comedy since Shakespeare. They're a reminder that good taste, from Balzac to Swift, is grotesque and usually obscene. ■

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg writer and broadcaster.

As this issue went to press we learned that *The Corner Bar* and *The Super* had been cancelled.

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BY JEREMY GIBSON



David French

## Coming Out From Under: The New Canadian Theatre

The collection or not to canonize this season's playbill? Faced with the sobering emergence of the "new Canadian playwright" every artistic director across the country this season has to search his conscience and his potential box-office figures to answer that question. In some quarters the conscience apparently runs quite lightly. In Montreal, Artistic Director Jean Gosselin has told recently that he dislikes being forced to do a play simply because it's Canadian, in others it is conscientiously willed away by "outside forces" (in Vancouver, Patrick Whitehead points toward delay in the "mainstream" programme at the Playhouse down to insufficient funds from the Canada Council). By and large, however, artistic directors down Nova Scotia to BC have allied themselves firmly behind the artistic impulse. In part this is due to a fervent wish to please the Canada Council—which provides a fair proportion of the budgets of most regional theatres—in part it reflects a genuine enthusiasm but in great measure it signals the emergence of what one can call "the playful Canadian play." By "playful," an artistic director means that the play is both good enough by standard artistic criteria to deserve a full-scale production, and that it's mainstream enough in style and content to run little risk of offending those faithful subscribers who traditionally support Canadian regional theatre.

To date, the number of viable Canadian plays has been negligible. Only a handful, led perhaps by Anne Baner's *Children in the Dark* and George Ryga's *The Ecstasy of Rue Joe* have earned the unmistakable Canadian modern classic laurels. But the numbers are increasing, and more of these new plays are coming out of the small underground hot-beds of Toronto, Vancouver and elsewhere—the Canadian equivalent of the off-off Broadway movement that propelled a number of writers, including the likes of Edward Albee, into the mainstream limelight.

Two of the plays recently originating from the underground and destined for speedy establishment in the overground Canadian repertoire are David French's *Croquet*, a biting, bitter comedy, and over-the-top study of the hypocrisy and subtleties of a group of cerebral play victims, and David French's *Leaving Rowe*, a very funny and richly observed portrait of a Newfoundland family living in Toronto in the late 1950s. Both plays are due for a showing at the Centre Theatre in Montreal. *Leaving Rowe* is part of Theatre Calgary's upcoming season, and *Croquet* is scheduled for Broadway. In addition, both plays have already been published. They are finely written and both work on performance. At a preview of the original production of *Leaving Rowe* last May I went through that shockingly (and/or failing of) disbelief that a Canadian play could be so good, and rubbed from the theatre to spread the word with all the fervor of a believer who has been flogged off with a number of quick strokes and has finally been brought face to face with the real thing, a brand-new genuinely prize-worthy Canadian play.

So far, so good. Anyone interested in the growing stature of the new Canadian playwright should welcome these achievements. But at the same time, far eyes were interested in the future of theatre—Canadian or otherwise—there seems to be a sponsor in these works, both

these plays are profoundly neo-theatrical, in any meaningful post-Deleuze sense of the word. In terms of theatre language, both are somewhat messy syllabi. They are obviously naturalistic, characters talking in a box piece of theatre—in short, the kind of stilted theme that evolutionary playwrights since Strindberg have been doing their damndest to destroy.

David French writes beautifully, touchingly and with loving insight about his Newfie characters and their Toronto lives, but his sensitive background is in serious drama, and there's the rub. For television is precisely the medium for the naturalistic playwright, the place where every look, every gesture can be faithfully recorded in close-up. Properly speaking, television drama and theatre are incompatible genres; a good television play should mirror poor theatre, and vice versa. *Leaving Rowe* is being staged for a CBC-TV production and I'm certain it will be hailed as a very fine television drama. More seriously

it is, even in its present form, a television play given an essentially fine theatrical production by director Bill Glassco at Vancouver's Tarragon Theatre.

*Croquet*, too, is markedly neo-theatrical. For a few brief interludes the script touches on the theatre's tenderling power to multiply images and extend the here and now imaginatively in all directions. But for the most part, the play consists of an extended ball session between four of the cerebral play victims—with the audience eavesdropping at the window's keyhole. This is antithetical to a vigorous

It may seem undesirable to complain that though Canadians are writing good plays they are not creating imaginative theatre. After all, the third back boarder poster advertisement to be so unimpressed one in Montreal, one of the best of the new playwrights, David Storey (*Home*, *The Chequing Room*) is fantastically antithetical while one of the biggest hits off Broadway this year has been Jason Miller's *That Championship Season*, written to reach the same style.

Somewhat quite admirable is happening in the new Canadian theatre, but it is happening in an old-fashioned way. Maybe it's only a matter of time; we have the writers, and we could yet develop a form and style that will be new, revolutionary, contemporary and all our own.

Theatre directors and drama course instructors who have denied the fact that an up-to-date bibliography of Canadian plays exists can relax. There is one now. During the summer of 1973, drama students at Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario, thought they might compile a list of about a hundred published English-language Canadian plays. One year and so GFTY came later, they've produced a bibliography of 960 stage plays written in Canada between 1960 and August, 1972.

The authors of the project think their bibliography is the most complete and best annotated to appear to date, and hope the myth that there are no Canadian plays at all (Canadian plays are not available will be forever put to rest). *The Black Bibliography of Published Canadian Stage Plays in English: 1960-1972*, EP ■

Jeremy Gibson is a playwright, director and critic from North Queens, Ontario.

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